THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY JULY 10, 1858.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1928.

UNCONFESSED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. P. TUCKER.

Years and years ago we met,
And we both are living yet,
Living only to regret

We who knew our hearts so well,
We who felt the rapturous spell,
Never dared the joy to tell

They who watchful hovered near,
Never saw a single tear,
Not a whisper did they hear

Mingling in the busy mart,
Wide divided—far apart,
Yet we two were one in heart.

To the unfeeling world the same,
None who knew us knew our flame.
Else they had been crying shame

So we veiled our hearts, and they
Who were with us day by day,
Might no act of ours gainsay.

Oh, the rapture! oh, the bliss!
Oh, the meed of one long kiss!
But the world denied us this.

Yet in dreams, where all are free,
Where no waking eye may see,
We have wandered—mine and me.

In that deep delightful calm,
I have felt his clasping palm,
He has known me as I am.

Thus the varying seasons pass,
All things wither as the grass,
But love dieth not, alas!

Soon—aye, soon, and we shall rest,
With the turf upon our breast,
And our soul's love unconfessed

THE HEIRESS.

CHAPTER I.

"If I only knew how much the girl has," soliloquized Philip Sutton, as he lay back in an arm-chair in his chambers one hot day of August, 1854, "I should know if it is worth while going down to Stamford House or no; if it's to be another case of merely ten or fifteen thousand pounds, why I needn't waste any time, and may as well go down and shoot Lester's moor in Scotland or walk through Germany. What a strange thing it is that in this enlightened century there should still exist that absurd prejudice against letting one know what a young lady's fortune is or will be! Ignorance entirely on our side. A *man's* fortune is always pretty well ascertained before your excellent chaperones permit an acquaintance to be furthered, though, by the way, there has been some strange mistake or remissness in this instance, or why should Mrs. Stamford have been so pressing in asking me down? The fact of my being a 'rising barrister' isn't a sufficient investment for one's daughter's affections; and if she had inquired properly, she might have discovered that not my 'face,' but my wig and gown, are all the fortune I can boast of. Possibly she imagines I have expectations, and thinks my old Aunt Pennington intends to make me her heir? Poor Mrs. Stamford! However that may be, she *has* repeatedly asked me to Stamford, and I think I should rather like to see what her daughter really is; at present, I only know that she's a distinguished-looking girl, with more to say for herself than the generality of her species, that she usually considers me worth saying it to, and that she is a reputed heiress. It may be amusing to go and spy out the land; it can do no harm, and I'm not young enough to singe my wings in a hurry. * * * Yes, I'll go down to Stamford House on Tuesday. Now to work." And taking his feet down from the chair on which they had been resting, Philip Sutton turned to a writing-table covered with papers, and was immediately immersed in the deep waters of a case in Chancery.

The truth was, Mr. Sutton wanted very much to be married, for, having arrived at the age of two-and-thirty, and gone through the usual amount of flirtation, while undergoing ten London seasons, without ever having seen a woman whom he could marry, thoroughly for love's sake, he began to think that, if ever, his bachelorhood should now cease, and that he must be content to do without a *grande passion*. There were several young ladies among whom he thought he could have selected one to love quite sufficiently to be happy with, but unfortunately there was another matter besides his choice to be thought of. Philip Sutton was, as he just now soliloquized, "a rising barrister," and getting on far better in his up-hill profession than most of his compeers. Philip was very clever; but full as was his brain, so in proportion were his pockets void, and the proceeds of his law-work sufficed only for his own maintenance. Ergo, Philip Sutton could not support a wife, and therefore the wife must bring wherewith to support herself, for Sutton could not bear the idea of entailing poverty upon any one of the above-mentioned young ladies, to whom he might, otherwise, Ahasuerus-like, have held out his sceptre. He did not like the idea of rosy cheeks fading, bright eyes growing dim, and smooth brows wrinkling with the cares of such a household as his poor one would be. He did not like to think of small Philip or Philippesses not having bread-and-butter enough to eat, and appearing in dirty pinafores and little worn frocks, and making an unchecked racket through a small ill-deafened house, where he, the rather *recherché* Philip Sutton, had come to seek repose after a tiring day in gloomy chambers. Very young men might do such things, might marry, ignoring the prospect before them; but what was the use of his having reached the mature age of two-and-thirty if he were not to know the folly and selfishness of such a proceeding?

It was a great pity young ladies did not wear the amount of their fortunes on a ticket round their neck, that a man might know whether he could safely bestow his affections; but that pitch of civilization had not yet been reached, and as Miss Stamford was reputed an heiress, there could be no harm in endeavoring to find out more about her. And the more Philip thought it over, the more he concurred in his recent determination to go down to Stamford House. Therefore, when the following Tuesday arrived, and with it the commencement of the long vacation, and a gracious acceptance by Mrs. Stamford of his proposed visit, Mr. Sutton stepped into a cab, drove to the —— station, took a ticket for Wycfield, and very soon found himself hurrying on the wings of the express towards the spot where dwelt the lady of his thoughts, or, more correctly, the lady of his very mature deliberations.

Stamford House was situated on the English border of Wales, and both the situation and place pleased Philip's eye as he drove through the beech avenue and well-kept park, till he came in front of the house, a very handsome modern building, with a gentleman-like, well-cared-for look about it that made up for its lack of antiquity. Mr. Stamford had built it when he came into possession of a large fortune left him by a distant relation; he, a younger son, being now three times as rich as his elder brother, the representative of an ancient but somewhat declining family.

On the strength of his inheritance he had married a poor peer's daughter, to whom he had been long attached, and by her had two children—a son, and the Miss Stamford who formed the subject of Philip's soliloquy.

"Mrs. and Miss Stamford are out driving, sir," said the servant who answered Philip's summons, "but they'll be home very soon now. Please to step into the morning-room;" and, leading the way across the hall, ushered Sutton into a very pretty bay-windowed room, bright with chintz, and flowers, and afternoon sunshine, where, in the window recess, a young lady sat writing. She bowed as he entered, repeated the servant's intelligence with regard to his mistress, and quietly went on with her letter, after having informed Philip that he would "find the *Times* on that table"—that table being well covered beside with magazines and new books. Philip took the hint and an arm-chair, felt rather relieved that the young lady did not think it necessary to entertain him, and proceeded to read a leading article on Crimean affairs. (The fall of Sebastopol was then pending.)

Thus half an hour elapsed, and our hero had taken out his watch to see if Stamford and London time agreed, when the door opened, and "how *do* you do, Mr. Sutton?" a lady's voice exclaimed, and Mrs. Stamford entered. She was so glad to see him, and had the train kept time? and did he think the country pretty? and how tired of town he must be after that *horrid* season! and "Emily, my dear, do you know Mr. Sutton?—Miss Hope"—and Philip bowed again, and the young lady did the same. And another half-hour slipped away, till Mrs. Stamford, in her turn, had recourse to her watch, and said it was positively six, and they dined at seven; and so they all went away to dress.

Miss Stamford was sitting in the drawing-room when Philip came down again—seemed very glad to see him, he thought, and introduced him to her brother, whom he had never met. The brother and sister were very unlike. Though not beautiful, Helen Stamford was a very striking-looking girl, and, as Philip said, very "distinguished." A tall, lithe figure; rather large, but well-shaped head, and very dark hair; a pale complexion (ill-natured people call it sallow, but it was quite a *clear* pale;) straight nose; and large, gray eyes, with black lashes curling backward from them—very true, honest eyes, that looked full at you, with a curious mixture of solemnity and inquiry in them.

Jack Stamford, as he was familiarly called, was unmistakably plain, and there was even something grotesque in his plainness. But it was a clever face and good-tempered withal, and you ended by forgetting that he *had* a face, though you were often forcibly reminded of it when he spoke. Poor Jack Stamford had a terrible stammer, and an unmanageable word caused him to make contortions in trying to force it out that were at first horrible to behold, and seriously alarmed Philip Sutton the first time Jack underwent an attack of talkativeness. The only consolation was that he never seemed to mind it at all himself, and, from not being the least shy in speaking, he prevented his hearers feeling shy for him.

"Any news in town from the Crimea?" he asked, after the preliminaries had been exchanged—"later, at least, than yesterday's *Times* given?"

"None," answered Philip, in the off-hand way in which people got to talk of the war news the year after the Alma. "The trench work still going on, and knocking over a great many of our fellows—Cranston, of the —th, by-the-by; did you know him?—and they still expect the place to fall daily. Have you many friends out there, Miss Stamford?"

"Two or three cousins," Miss Stamford replied, as if she were not paying particular attention to the conversation. "My brother and I have just been settling a riding and driving party for to-morrow, Mr. Sutton. You have never seen Tintern Abbey, and you know we are within a few miles of it."

"Not at all patriotic young lady," thought Philip Sutton. "She won't be flying off to the Scutari Hospital, at any rate!" And just as he was going to express his willingness to go anywhere and do anything, Mrs. Stamford rustled into the room in a Quaker-colored silk gown that made her look like a middle-aged dove, and with a black lace scarf over her shoulders. The scarf was merely necessary as a concession to other ladies who were still on the right side of forty, for Mrs. Stamford's fair neck and arms were yet unwrinkled, and she was certainly a very well-preserved woman (as old Lady Bundledum always added, after talking of "women of Mrs. Stamford's and my time of life," her ladyship being very nearly old enough to be Mrs. Stamford's mother.) Mrs. Stamford had been a blonded beauty, and but slight resemblance was to be traced between her and her daughter.

Miss Hope entered with her, and presently Mr. Stamford, whom Philip knew only slightly, appeared, and dinner was announced.

Our hero sat between Helen and her mother, and found his position by no means disagreeable, for the former was undoubtedly cleverer than most of the girls he was in the habit of meeting; and Mrs Stamford, though not clever, had acquired a certain talent of conversation, which, with an easy and graceful manner, concealed her lack of originality.

Miss Hope sat between Mr. Stamford and Jack, and seemed to act more the part of listener to the latter than to share in the conversation, which was, however, for the most part general. Mr. Stamford the elder, be it known, was a profound metaphysician, and often deviated from the path of ordinary conversation to follow the by-ways of his own lucubrations, which made the task of entertaining him comparatively easy. He rarely interfered with his family in any wise, except on important occasions, when he usually showed that he was by no means the cypher in the establishment that he might have been taken for.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Stamford, in the drawing-room after dinner, "did you write to ask Sir Harry Clayton down, as I asked you? and are you going to ride over to the Amhersts to-morrow?"

"I wrote to Clayton, and he is to be here in time for the ball. But for your second question, mother, Helen wants to take Mr. Sutton to T-intern to-morrow, and I believe I'm to be of the party."

"Oh, certainly," Mrs. Stamford resumed, giving a pleased look at her daughter—"a capital arrangement, especially as you go to Southwold on Saturday, don't you Jack?"

"Do you give your lecture that evening?" his father asked, suddenly, and coming down from the clouds.

Philip Sutton didn't dare to look up for fear of laughing when Jack Stamford answered in the affirmative, but he thought a great deal.

"What do you lecture upon?" asked his host again.

"The c-c-cure of stammering, sir!" replied his son, with an amused twinkle of the eye, as he glanced askance at Philip.

"Eh?" said Mr. Stamford, who didn't in the least understand a joke.

"Turnips, and the agricultural interest, I mean, sir," Jack resumed, gravely. "I have been getting up that last pamphlet of Mr. Ho-o-o——" And here the unfortunate speaker was indefinitely detained, the word proving a very stiff fence indeed; so, without taking any notice, his mother went on.

"I have got an invitation for you, Mr. Sutton, for this ball at my cousin Lady Delamayne's on Thursday night. Charming people the Delamaynes; and she," continued Mrs. Stamford, benignantly, "was a first cousin of my mother's. My mother, you know, was one of the——"

"*Hogys!*" gasped Jack Stamford, at last, "first-rate farmer."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Stamford, rather startled, though she was well accustomed to such interruptions—"one of the St. Aubyns, Mr. Sutton; distant connexions of yours, I believe!"

"Ah!" said Philip, vaguely, for his knowledge of his cousinship was very vague. And then Mrs. Stamford told her daughter to sing, and Helen, without a moment's hesitation, sat down at the piano and sang in a rich contralto a wild Irish lament, full of such despairing pathos that Philip was startled, and a general silence ensued through the room.

"Rather lugubrious, dear child," said her mother; "Mr. Sutton looks quite solemn after it! Emily, sing us one of your lively little German songs!"

"I think I'm rather frightened," suggested Miss Hope, as she went to the piano, "but I'll try."

And as she sat down, it occurred to Philip that Miss Hope was extremely pretty. Though a year older than Helen (who was just twenty), she looked a great deal younger, and the joyous expression of her face at times—the sort of expression you see in a careless, happy child—accounted for this. We always—ourself—wish to know what the heroines of a story are like; therefore, taking it for granted that you, reader, do the same, we beg to inform you that Miss Hope had a very prettily-shaped oval face, large dark-blue eyes, sunny-looking brown hair, and a sufficiently small but firmly cut mouth, that denoted a great deal more determination of character than at the first glance you would have given her credit for. Her nose?—oh! we beg your pardon for having omitted a description of that important feature—it was a very good nose, but as we have not studied nasology we cannot tell you to what particular order it belonged. And it also occurred to Philip Sutton, as Miss Hope put her hands down on the piano, that they were the very prettiest little hands imaginable. She sang two or three songs in a very nice voice—not a voice like Helen's though—and with some originality of expression, and then Jack Stamford went up and talked to her, while Philip, in speaking to his hostess, asked casually if Miss Hope was one of their neighbors.

"No," said Mrs. Stamford, "she is only staying with us. She generally lives in Cornwall, but Helen is very fond of her, and often has her here. She is a very nice little thing," added Mrs. Stamford, carelessly, "but has the misfortune, poor child, besides being an orphan, to be——"

But here Mrs. Stamford was interrupted by a sudden pause in the room, and Philip finished the sentence for himself with the word "dependent." It was evident from his hostess's manner. And the idea was confirmed when, after the ladies had gone to bed, and Jack and he were smoking at the front door, and the former had been stammering a panegyric on her, he added,

"But she's desperately *p-p-poor*, you know, and my father and mother are frightened to death for fear I should f-f-fall in love with Emily Hope, you know!" And he thereupon chuckled with the most cruel satisfaction.

"It is as well to know, you know," thought Philip, "though of course the only person I have anything to do with here at present is Miss Stamford. What a very agreeable girl she is, and cleverer than I fancied even. Yes, if I only knew what fortune she really has (it came from an aunt, I believe), I certainly would make the most of my time here. What a mercenary wretch I should be called if people could only *read* my thoughts! And yet unjustly so. For Heaven knows, if I had only fortune on my own side, King Cophetua himself should not surpass me, and the less my wife had the better I should be pleased. But if I am to marry, I *must* marry a woman with money. Either thus, or not at all, and I don't think I should make an agreeable old bachelor. I am not a mere fortune-hunter. I will never marry any woman without really liking her for herself, and doing my best to make her happy. As to falling in love with her, that's out of the question, and she must take a sincere friendship and affection instead. Thus much I am sure, if she prove worthy of it, I could give her in time, and no reasonable woman could expect a man who has passed two-and-thirty without ever having felt the 'belle passion' to do more."

Here Jack Stamford, who began to find his companion's long silence both dull and uncivil, suggested they should go to bed, and wished him good night. Philip continued the meditation in his room.

"This is the third matrimonial speculation I have been engaged in within the last two years, and it may fail as the others did. Miss O'Brien, whose fog-hunting disposition and Paddyisms I had got over for the sake of her good-nature and her five thousand a year, might as well have had her castle in Spain as in Ireland. The five thousand a year *ought* to have been paid by her tenants, but they didn't seem to think so, and Kate had little more than enough to pay her milliner's bills with. (I wonder if ever she did?) Poor Kate! she was very handsome. But there was no help for it, and she would have been wretched if she had married me. Luckily, I never proposed. There certainly was no mistake about Susan Langdale, but that old dragon of a mother took very good care that should not affect me in any way, and the girl ran away with the fifth son of an Irish viscount! Well, if the bar were not so terribly up-hill, I'd work like a slave and earn my own right of choosing a wife yet. But ten years since I began reading, and am only now getting into practice!

CHAPTER II.

As far as we know, there are not many more lovely scenes in our dear mother England than that presented by the valley of the Wye in Monmouthshire on a bright August day, when the summer foliage is in all the beauty of its maturity, and the hush of contentment and plenty lies over the golden fields. The "Wyncliff" road, cut in the side of a high cliff rising sheer and abrupt from the hollow, and covered with vegetation, commands a beautiful view of the many turnings and twistings of the river Wye, and, as a background and more on a level with itself, of the broad silvery sheet of water formed by the mouth of the Severn. Like a shining snake the Wye winds along, no sluggish English river, but rapid and clear as a Scotch stream, and bearing gaily along the small craft that trust themselves to its current. But what gives its peculiarity to the scene is the quaintness of the rocks that form the river's bank, and which, broken here and there into fantastic shapes, give the effect of a succession of ruined castles, picturesque in their gray antiquity.

"That's the Horseshoe, Mr. Sutton," said Helen Stamford, pointing with her whip to a curious tongue of land round which the stream gave an eccentric curve, "but whether there were giants on the earth in those days to bestride monsters who could leave such an impression, our chronicles say not."

Philip and Helen were riding along Wyncliff, side by side, the day after the arrival of the former at Stamford House, Miss Hope and Jack Stamford following them, and Mrs. Stamford and a Mrs. Lloyd, a *cidevant* governess of Helen's, closing the cavalcade in an open carriage.

"There should be legends attached to all those fairy castles," said Philip, "as in the Rheinland; but I fear we poor pilgrims of the Wye have a less romantic fatherland."

"Nay," Helen answered, "we have traditions enough, I think; and more than that, our history can give us life-stories that may indeed in their grand chivalry sound fabulous."

"Your patriotism then lives more in the past than the present, Miss Stamford," said Philip, smiling; "you take more interest in the heroes of Acre and Poitiers and Agincourt, than in those of Alma and Balaklava? And yet I doubt whether English hearts beat more bravely then than now."

"What do you mean?" asked Helen, suddenly drawing rein, and looking full at him with her earnest gray eyes.

"Only that I was struck last night with your apparent absence of interest in the present war, and that you seemed to have escaped being Crimea-bitten, as many romantic young ladies are just now. I mean when your brother and I were speaking of it yesterday evening."

"*I* not take interest in the present war!" Miss Stamford exclaimed, indignantly. "What do you think I am made of? Do you think I don't feel for my countrymen, triumph when they triumph, mourn when they fall—merely, forsooth, because I don't carry my heart in my hand for every passer-by to read, and jeer perhaps at what they term romance? Do you think that because I am a woman I don't love my country, and that I wouldn't die in her cause, and while I live honor her sons for their mother's sake, and for their own hero-hearts? She turned her eloquent face towards Philip as she spoke, the face usually so pale glowing with resentful excitement; then suddenly recovering herself, she said, in an apologetic tone, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Sutton, I oughtn't to get so excited. How *could* you know the one point on which I am easiest wounded! Pray forgive me." And she looked so repentant and earnest about it, that Philip, though a little taken aback at the outburst, felt very much inclined to laugh.

"It is I who require forgiveness, Miss Stamford, for forgetting that you were an *Englishwoman*, to whom her country in all ages of its greatness or its sorrow must be England still. But one is so accustomed to hear the subject of this Russian war entered into immediately, that——"

"And yet you will think me inconsistent, Mr. Sutton, when I say that I cannot bear to hear it so little talked of in comparison with what it was last year. People take it as a matter of course now, and as if its only object was to afford a change of conversation from the ordinary topic of the weather. And yet death is still the same—a soldier's life is worth this year what it was last, and every month that passes by is marked in the calendar by a deeper stain of blood. Every day, instead of diminishing, makes the awe of this war become greater to me."

"I fear you call in question more that 'people,' Miss Stamford," said Sutton, shrugging his shoulders; "you upbraid human nature at large. What will it not get accustomed to?—especially where the suffering is merely reflected on it from others? But in some cases this is mercifully ordained. Take, for instance, the hospitals, at present, in the East. Had Miss Nightingale, and her merciful sisters in devotion, not 'accustomed' themselves to the horrors they have had to witness, could they have performed the great work which has shown our age

How noble a thing a woman may become?

Not—understand me—that I would detract one iota from the self-devotion and sacrifice which must have been required of them ere they acquired this 'custom'—they must have striven hard for the mastery first, and to some the effort may have been too much—but to have continued their work at all they must have become to a certain extent used to it."

Helen did not answer, but the steadfast glance she gave upward to the summer sky would have told Philip Sutton, had he looked round, how *she* thought they had got accustomed to it.

"Did you, with your strong interest in the subject, never think of joining the sisterhood, Miss Stamford?" asked Sutton.

Helen shook her head. "*My* duty did not lie there," she said, rather sadly; "perhaps the sacrifice with me lay in remaining passively at home 'in that state of life'—and all the rest of it, Mr. Sutton, you know." Helen abruptly ended, for she became shy all of a sudden at finding herself talking thus to a mere acquaintance. But seeing that Philip still listened, she went on. "What do you think Emily did, though?—Miss Hope, I mean—she had no particular tie in the world, poor child, and wished with all her heart to be of use; but she knew how absurd it was for delicate girls to offer themselves, as she had heard of their doing—girls who were next thing to useless at home—for work of this severe kind. So she resolved to go into training for a time, got into one of the hospitals, worked hard and patiently—though less hard than that Eastern work must be—worked zealously for a fortnight, and—had to give it up. Though not at all delicate, she found it was above her strength, and that she should only end by increasing the hospital list, and so, as I say, she gave it up. It was a great disappointment, and it was a brave thing to do, for so many people were ill-natured enough to sneer about it and throw out inuendoes that required courage to face. And——" But here the conversation was cut short, for the subject of it, looking as unlike a person who had ever received a disappointment of any sort, galloped past them in a race with Jack Stamford, and beckoning them with a smile that was quite irresistable to join, off they both set along this shady bit of the road, utterly forgetting, in their mad canter, war, hospitals, each other, and, above all, the scenery they had ostensibly come to admire.

"Oh, the Moss Cottage," said Emily, checking her horse, and hardly able to speak; "and that particular turn of the road Mrs. Stamford said we were to look at. And what a very undignified approach to Tintern, for there it is, Mr. Sutton."

And Philip looked down upon the beautiful old abbey on which, even at a sober pace, you come so unexpectedly by a sudden turn of the road, and as he looked was fain to confess, that much as he had heard it praised, the ruin itself surpassed his expectations. It was, as Mrs. Stamford now informed him, said to have been built by William le Clerc, brother to the first Earl of Pembroke, for a fraternity of Cistercian monks, and is still in such perfect preservation, that you need not draw upon imagination to form an idea of its magnificence as you look along the lofty but roofless arches of its aisles—arches still unbroken, though the ivy hangs from them in thick festoons, the growth of long-past years. Athwart these arches the sun now glinted, chequering the grass-grown aisles with shadows of the hanging foliage; scarce a bird or mouse stirred from its haunts in the old walls, and a strange hush rested over the ruin, typical, as it seemed, of the eternal stillness resting on bygone ages, of the solemn silence reigning on these monastic graves below.

This influence was felt by the merry group who had just entered the abbey, and for a few moments no one spoke; but we regret to say that it was a prolonged stammer from Jack Stamford which broke the spell, and after this inharmonious interruption a regular exploration of the abbey commenced. Up the narrow stairs one by one they all went (with the exception of Mrs. Stamford and Mrs. Lloyd, who stayed to superintend the luncheon arrangements), and presently emerged at a giddy height at the top of the walls, where, however, a wide enough path did away with the apparent danger. And then Philip and Stamford being first in the descent, Helen and Emily gave them the slip; and when Philip turned from below to look for them, he saw as pretty a picture as you could desire to look upon. Leaning forward with careless grace, Helen looked down at them from a high-arched window, her pale, earnest face with its braided hair, scarcely shadowed by the drooping plume of the black riding-hat she wore, and contrasting well with the joyous face, rose-tinted with excitement, that leaned against her shoulder, as Emily, her hair half-loosened and her hat hanging round her neck, held a profusion of wild roses gathered up in the skirt of her gray riding-habit, the ivied stone arch forming a fitting frame to the whole.

"The holy monks here must have been a strict order," Jack observed, as they all sat down to luncheon on the mossy turf of what had been the refectory—and as he spoke he rubbed off some dust which had stuck to his sleeve—"and not nearly so jolly as the monks of old were in the habit of being. They couldn't have got up and down those narrow stairs if they had, for I'm not a very b-burly man, and look—I wouldn't have been a monk here!"

"Or anywhere, Jack?" said Miss Stamford, smiling.

"No.—Sutton, some chick-chick-chick——"

"I shouldn't have been a monk either," said Emily, gravely. "I would have been a Crusader, and won my——"

"'Icken and salad?" concluded Jack Stamford, much after the fashion of the Protestant raven in Barnaby Rudge.

"But, Miss Hope," said Philip, "crusaders often ended in becoming monks. When, for instance, they came home and found their ladye-loves had married some one else in the interval, what was there left for romance-knights to do? What should you have done, Miss Stamford?" And Philip fixed a scrutinizing glance on her as he spoke.

"I think I should have died," Helen answered, slowly, but with such suppressed vehemence that she rather startled her questioner, and Mrs. Stamford said, in a slightly annoyed tone,

"How seriously you take things, my dear child! People don't die quite so easily; as my aunt, Lady Coldstone, used to say, it takes a great many such blows to chip even a corner off one's heart."

"I should marry a w-w-widow!" said Jack; "we should be on nearly equal terms, and so console one another. What would *you* do if you were a knight in such distressed circumstances, Miss Hope? A *knight*, mind, I say."

"Well," said Emily, with a puzzled look, and her blue eyes showing indications of mischief, "if I were a knight—I—suppose—I should—get over it in time, as I *believe* most people do."

Everybody laughed excepting Helen, who seemed at that moment to have taken farewell in spirit of her companions, and to have set off on a voyage somewhere else. And Mrs. Stamford, thinking the conversation was taking a peculiar turn, gave it a different direction, and entertained Philip with the various degrees of kindred which united her family to the Beauforts. It was very odd, her listener reflected, how a woman so really well-born and highly connected as Mrs. Stamford could be guilty of

the vulgarity of bringing it perpetually before you, almost as if you had doubted it. "If her aunts and cousins were Smiths and Snookses, she wouldn't always be quoting them," Philip sapiently observed to himself, "though I dare say their remarks would be as well worthy of record as when Mrs. Stamford's sister's brother-in-law, Lord Needleton, said that Monmouthshire was generally damp in wet weather."

But we ourselves, Mr. Sutton, have met with this phase of snobbishness in people who ought to have been equally free from it with Mrs. Stamford, and indeed with many other and individual snobbishnesses in people who might deem the very word breathed in their presence almost an insult. Small weaknesses—oftener small un-christianities.

"I must make friends with Miss Hope," Philip thought to himself, as he watched the two girls talking together; "perhaps by-and-by a confidante. It would be very good policy, for she is evidently very intimate with Helen Stamford, and looks as if she would be good-natured. That girl interests me very much; she is quite a study. I really think I am beginning to care for her?" And so, on the ride home, he and Emily were companions, and got on very well indeed. At first Philip thought she was quite a child, and studied nothing but the natural history of a perfect menagerie of pets she had during her life possessed, for she would talk of nothing else. What a flock of pigeons she had, and how a white fantail always perched on her great dog Pilot's back, and how Pilot submitted to peas being strewed all over his shaggy black coat; and how her parrot had learned to stammer from being for some time in the society of a—gentleman—who—stammered very badly, and how afraid she was this—gentleman—would think she had taught it on purpose, till Philip, becoming rather tired of zoology, thought he would rejoin Miss Stamford. But from parrots Miss Hope diverged to South America and its forests primeval, sketched scenes of tropical life quickly and vividly, rambled from America to Europe, from South to North—from the luxuriant southern vegetation to the pine forests of Norway and the lava plains of Iceland—with such a graphic power of description, that Philip, though he knew she could not have seen *all* these pictures, said, in some surprise, that he supposed she had been a great traveller already?

"I have never been out of my own country yet," she answered, "but I intend to, soon—at least when I can find somebody to go with." And she gave a half-sigh.

"Poor child," Philip thought, "I hope she isn't going to be a governess, or anything of that sort! Perhaps," he said aloud, "the Stamfords may be your escort some day."

"Yes," Emily answered: "I shouldn't mind travelling with Helen."

"You are great friends?" Philip suggested.

"Friends!" Thereupon ensued an outburst of praise the most enthusiastic, and to which her companion, as may be imagined, lent a most willing ear. Few people thoroughly understood Helen, but there was nobody in the world like Helen—such a loyal, constant friend, such a noble, truthful soul!

And yet, with all her enthusiasm, Miss Hope was also to a certain extent guarded on the subject, and Philip, had he sought to gain more particular information about her, would have found his curiosity baffled. But he was quite satisfied with hearing her praised, and thought how pleasant it must be to have such a warm advocate enlisted in your behalf as this pretty Emily Hope.

Sir Henry Clayton arrived in time for dinner; a fair, pale-complexioned man of about eight-and-twenty, not handsome, but with that peculiar air of high breeding which women prefer in a man to mere good looks. And Sir Henry Clayton's manner betrayed to a certain extent that he was accustomed in society to carry all before him, and without being actually conceited, seemed to intimate that he received every attention as his due, and thus compelled most people to pay the tax. Representative of one of the oldest baronetcies in England (his father had refused a peerage on this account), talented much above the average, and possessing great charm of manner, Sir Henry Clayton had generally found himself successful with very little trouble in anything he had considered it worth while to undertake. He had "un talent pour le succès," and was perfectly well aware of it.

But from some unaccountable impulse, Philip took a dislike to him long before dinner was over, which was unfortunate, as Sir Henry was so popular with all the Stamford family, and would probably remain in the house as long as Philip.

One comfort was, he did not interfere with Miss Stamford, but devoted himself during the evening to Emily Hope (after having had various members of his aristocratical connexions inquired after by Mrs. Stamford), sat by the piano while she sang, and made her sing all his favorite songs; talked to her in his easy, quiet way, which, however, was far more amusing than many a more vivacious one, and in short seemed very good friends indeed with Miss Hope.

So Philip had plenty of opportunity for furthering his acquaintance with Helen, and made good use of it. But in a pause of the conversation, as he looked up and saw Emily very decidedly, *as he* considered, flirting with Sir Henry Clayton, he could not help remarking to himself how odd it was women could care about such a prig as that, without a trace of good looks to recommend him, and such an insufferably conceited manner! But what wouldn't a woman do for position? He had known women marry—oh, infinitely worse men than that!—and this poor dependent girl of course would not be so scrupulous, though it was very unlikely Clayton would commit such an imprudence. But he hoped she was not the kind of girl to marry without love: he should be sorry to think Helen's friend could. It really was a horrible idea—a woman having interested motives in marriage—and——" Though why poor Sir Henry Clayton should not have been married for love it would have puzzled any one but Mr. Sutton to say. And why motives to a certain degree interested in Emily should be so very much worse than in Mr. Sutton himself, seemed equally unintelligible.

"Who is going to Southwold with me to-morrow?" Jack Stamford asked of the company in general. "Sir Henry has only just arrived, so I won't carry him off. Sutton, I think you would benefit much by my lecture, and I know you take an interest in agriculture, so I shall enlist you as my supporter."

Now if Philip had known how very entertaining Stamford's lectures were, and with what admirable ingenuity he invariably dragged from whatever the subject might be to talk about everything un-connected with it, his distinguished self in particular, he would probably not have looked so blank at the proposal as he now did. As it was, he looked so disinclined to agree to it, that Helen hastened to say,

"That will never do, Jack! Mr. Sutton is engaged to lunch at Silvermere with us, and we can't let him off. You must bear your honors alone—and mind you're back in time for the ball on Friday."

Mrs. Stamford smiled at her daughter, and approved graciously of the veto that had been put on Philip's departure even for a day.

Philip smiled inentally. "Soh! she cares already about my staying," he thought.—"Vogue la galère!" [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons sending to BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any enterprising Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—1. There is no such paper. 2. We do not know. 3. There is no other.

INCOG.—It would *not* be proper.

L. S.—We cannot inform you.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Our National Anniversary should never be allowed, by the more intelligent and considerate portion of the community to pass, without deep reflection. How are we, as a nation, fulfilling the promise of our youth? Is our way upward, or downward? Are we treading in those paths of righteousness which exalt a nation, or in those ways of sin which are a disgrace to any people?

Such questions we may always suggest better than answer—for, involving, as they necessarily do, the consideration of many matters of a political character, the investigation would be somewhat out of place in the columns of a literary paper.

But, whatever reflection a few grave minds may devote to such inquiries as we have alluded to, we have no expectation that the great mass of the community will ever fret their intellects on our national anniversaries with any such considerations. They will always put off the matter to a "more convenient season," which probably will never arrive—and leave the care of the nation and its destiny to Congress, the President, the editorial fraternity, and their other constitutional advisers.

For so much easier than sober and sometimes upbraiding thought on your own or your country's birth-day, are a fishing party, a sea-shore excursion, and the explosion of multitudinous crackers, rockets, and other fire-works. Even the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and the listening to a Fourth of July oration—a peculiar article of the class, filled with intellectual crackers and rockets—if it be not a very long one—are much less fatiguing.

Inasmuch, however, as the real Fourth came this time on a Sunday, may we not be allowed to hope that there was rather more than usual of serious reflection, and that the effect of such reflection will be in some small degree apparent in the coming year?

NICARAGUA.—There appears to be some doubt whether Mr. Vanderbilt's alleged grant from Nicaragua to establish a transit route across the Isthmus, will amount to anything. Mr. Lea, Secretary of the Nicaragua Canal Company, admits that Vanderbilt has a charter to establish a land and steamboat communication across Nicaragua, but it is conditioned, he avers, on the non-fulfillment of the canal company's contract, which has two years more to run. This is a contingency which Mr. Lea says can never occur, and, consequently, Commodore Vanderbilt's promise to reopen the route, is for this season, if for no other, good for nothing. Vanderbilt, it seems, now receives $56,000 *a month* from the Panama Company, so long as he does not establish any opposition line; and one would think, at that rate, he would be apt to let "well enough"—that is $672,000 a year—"alone." The Panama Company must be making a great deal, to warrant their paying so large a sum to keep down opposition.

☞ The intervention of the holiday of the "Fourth" this week, may perhaps occasion some delay in the transmission of our paper to its readers. If it does, they will of course forgive it.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 284—Adults 118, and children 166.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Some two hundred laborers, who are either out of employment, or won't work, formed themselves into a procession, in Davenport, Iowa, and marched to the office of Mayor Cook, and to the residences of several of the wealthiest citizens, demanding work, and declaring that they must either have work, become a charge upon the county, or starve. The Mayor and others promised to do their best to devise some method for their relief. It is said that only the day previous a farmer applied for laborers in Davenport, and offered fifty cents a day and board, and none of those starving men refused to accept the offer.

We have been rather surprised, considering the hard times last Winter, at the conduct of some of the unemployed since. Would any of our Western readers suppose, for instance, in view of all the stories about female labor being such a "drug" in the East, that it is often really difficult to get "help" in our families. A large proportion of the domestics applying for places now-a-days, seem to want to be chambermaids, waiters, &c., and have an unconquerable aversion to cooking, general housework, or anything in fact which involves real solid labor. Two incidents which we know to be true, and of very recent occurrence, will afford an insight into the peculiar notions of many of this class—we hope not the larger number, for it must be remembered that the worst domestics are most apt to be the floating ones.

A lady of our acquaintance had engaged a cook. A short time afterwards the cook called upon our friend, and the following conversation took place:—

Cook.—"I do not think I can come to your house, Mrs. A——. I have been told that your cook always has to set the table and clean the knives and forks—and I cannot do that."

Lady.—"Well, Grace," (such was the cook's name)—"if you are not able to set the table or clean the knives and forks, I think, too, you had better not come.

Cook.—"Oh, I do not mean I could not do it—but I—"

Lady.—"No matter, Grace. If you cannot set the table and clean the knives and forks, you would not suit me, that is very certain." And so exit cook.

In the other case to which we have alluded, a cook was explaining to a lady how she came to leave her last place. She had been living with a young couple who had only one child, and who had left the city for a summer tour. She said there was another "girl" besides herself—but she should not go back when the family returned, "because there was to be an *increase* in the family." The lady to whom she was talking informed her that she would hardly suit her then, as she had as many as *five* children. Whereupon her Malthusian and lazy ladyship stalked out of the house without further colloquy.

These incidents, and hundreds of similar ones which other housekeepers could tell, would lead us to believe that an anecdote which went the rounds of the papers some years ago, was a veritable fact, and not a mere creation of some humorous fancy. The gentleman of the house was represented as trying to engage a "girl" for his "better half"—the interview taking place at his office. The girl objected to the street in which he resided. "But," says the gentleman, "I can remove to another street—any one that you prefer." But the house was only two stories high, and she did not like such mean-looking houses.—"Well," was the answer, "I can build another story; or even two, for that matter." But the family was too large, there were too many children. "Oh, if that is all," replied he, blandly, "I might *drown* one or two of them!" Here her cookship stared; and then, taking a hint from the slight twinkle in the gentleman's eye that he was making game of her, flounced out of the room.

We would not by these remarks endeavor to excite hard feelings against any sensible, industrious, hard-working man or woman. But that folly which fears work in summer, though it knows the alternative is to hunger or beg in winter, deserves and should receive the condemnation of all classes. And the longer we live the more we are convinced, that idleness and improvidence on the part of the poor—and an equally reprehensible haste to be rich on the part of those who are better off—are the causes of a very large proportion of the suffering from want in this country, however it may be in other parts of the world. And while men and women remain thus idle and improvident, or resort to hazardous speculations in the hope of obtaining sudden wealth, it will be useless to hope to save them, except in a very limited degree, from the natural consequences of their own folly.

SWILL MILK.—It appears that a majority of the Committee appointed by the Common Council of New York to examine into the "milky ways" of that city, report that the cow-stables are not nuisances, and that the milk is pure and wholesome; and, in fact, so admirably is everything conducted that they are at a loss to recommend anything for their improvement, unless it be additional ventilation for the cows. A minority of the Committee, being obstinate fellows probably, make a counter report, not at all to the credit of the milkmen and their establishments.

We have understood that a great deal of swill from the distilleries is sold to the keepers of dairies in the neighborhood of this city. Even in Germantown, we have heard said, there is only one milkman who does not use the swill as "part feed" for his cows. Whether this kind of food is injurious just in proportion to the quantity given, or is innocent when given in small proportions, in conjunction with other food, we are not able to say. We should think, however, that distillery slop was injurious in itself to the quality of the milk, and therefore unfit for use either in small or large proportions.

We believe that in London, owing to the condition of what is there called milk, intelligent families never purchase the article at all, but drink their coffee and tea without cream, rather than run the risk of being sickened. If care is not taken, and an officer for the inspection of milk be not appointed, we may come to the same thing in New York and Philadelphia. The idea that "things will regulate themselves," is not true as to the quality of eatables and *drinkables*, any more than as to weights and measures.

THE VISITATION QUESTION.

Since our last we have read the full report of the proceedings in the House of Commons, respecting the difficulties between the two countries. Judging from the reply of Mr. Fitzgerald, the under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to Mr. Bright's question, there can be little doubt that the British Government have thrown their former views overboard, and have accepted the letter of Mr. Cass to Lord Napier as embodying the true principles of the law of nations.

The following is an extract from Mr. Fitzgerald's speech, which may be considered of an official character:—

"He would now inform the hon. gentleman what the views of her Majesty's Government were as to the claim of the American Government that the right of search or of visitation should be renounced. This right had no doubt been a constant source of irritation between the two nations, and, whatever might have been the practice of preceding Governments of this country, it had never been admitted by the Americans. It had become the duty, then, of her Majesty's Government, in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which had recently transpired, to inquire what were our rights; whether, if we had such rights, we should be prepared to stand by them, and whether, if we had them not, we ought not at once candidly to disclaim them. They had accordingly taken the advice of the law officers of the Crown, whose decided opinion was that by international law we had no right of search—no right of visitation whatever in time of peace. That being so, he need not say they had thought it would be unbecoming in the British Government to delay for one moment the avowal of this conclusion. But while they perfectly acknowledged that England had no right to visit American vessels engaged in peaceful commerce, it would, on the other hand, be wrong to say that this country should abandon the policy which had so honorably distinguished her, or that she should cease to employ her fleets in putting down the slave trade. On this point the position taken by the British Government was exactly that which in one of the most able State papers had been laid down by Gen. Cass in his letter to Lord Napier. In that document there was this passage:

"A vessel upon the high seas is protected by her national character. He who forcibly enters her does so upon his own responsibility. Undoubtedly, if a vessel assume a national character to which she is not entitled, and is sailing under false colors, she cannot be protected by this assumption of a claim to which she has no claim. As the identity of a person must be determined by the officer bearing a process for his arrest, and determined at the risk of such officer, so must the national identity of a vessel be determined at the like hazard to him who, doubting the flag she displays, searches her to ascertain her true character. There, no doubt, may be circumstances which would go far to modify the complaints a nation would have a right to make for such a violation of its sovereignty. If the boarding officer had just grounds for suspicion, and deported himself with propriety in the performance of his task, doing no injury, and peaceably retiring when satisfied of his error, no nation would make such an act the subject of serious reclamation."

This, he believed, was strictly the position which we were entitled to take by international law. The American Government had themselves acknowledged it on the face of Gen. Cass's State paper, to be that which "no nation would make the subject of serious reclamation;" and this course her Majesty's Government would instruct our cruisers in future to pursue. [Hear, hear.]

It would appear therefore that the *right* of visitation and search are given up as indefensible, and Mr. Cass's own exposition adopted; an exposition to which we think no exception can be taken by the strictest stickler for national rights and the honor of our flag, while ample provision is allowed for a proper police of the seas.

We judge further from the speech referred to, that the British squadron will be withdrawn from the coast of Cuba, and placed anew upon the coast of Africa. Mr. Fitzgerald said:—

A squadron on the coast of Cuba was in the highway of American commerce. Each day it could not fail to meet numberless vessels of American origin peaceably engaged in trade. And it was obvious that, as in carrying out the instructions given to them, much must necessarily be left to the discretion of our officers, there must always be far greater risk of misunderstanding—if not collision—in the case of vessels in such a sea. Whereas, on the coast of Africa, where the commerce was much more scattered, it was much easier to ascertain the character of a suspicious ship than when she was among a number of other vessels pursuing lawful commerce. It was therefore now under the consideration of her Majesty's Government whether it was not more desirable at once to withdraw our squadron from the Cuban waters. The original plan by which the blockade was instituted, he was free to confess, was adopted at the suggestion of the American Government; but neither that government nor the government of this country at that time saw the grave objections to which it had since become liable.

THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.—On the 2nd instant, the earthly remains of President Monroe were taken from the tomb in the Second street Cemetery at New York, and carried to the Episcopal Church of the Annunciation. The exhumation was witnessed by about a dozen persons. The coffin was in excellent preservation. The procession, partly civil, partly military, was a very imposing one. All the public offices, and many of the stores on Broadway were closed. Some of the latter were handsomely draped in mourning. The remains rested in the Governor's Room, City Hall, during the night, in the custody of a Guard of Honor, and the next morning were taken on board the Ericsson, which sailed for Richmond with the Seventh Regiment and the several committees having the body in charge.

NOT VERY WELL POSTED.—A correspondent of the *London Gardener's Chronicle* writes to that paper as follows:—

"*Ilanthus.*"—There is a beautiful tree in America called by the natives "Ilanthus," the tree of Heaven. Can you give me any account of it, or tell me where to find a description with its proper botanical name? K. P.

The editor replies to the above, "We have no knowledge of such a plant." A good many people in this country are only sorry that they are not equally ignorant as to the "plant" in question. And yet the Ailanthus is said to be a capital thing in its place for firewood, rails, &c.—its place being the open field or prairie, and not the vicinity of dwellings and city streets.

FOSTER'S PATENT TREE PROTECTOR.—Our readers who have fruit or ornamental trees to save from the ravages of canker and other worms, will do well to notice the advertisement in another column of Foster's Patent Tree Protector—an ingenious contrivance which is said to have proved thoroughly effectual.

SPECIE AND PAPER.

During the crisis last Fall, many writers seemed to imagine that the whole cause of the evil was the abundance of bank notes, and the scarcity of the precious metals. How do these philosophers explain the present stagnation? The banks are full of specie—so full, in fact, that in some instances they are not willing to receive silver, except at a discount, in payment of debts due them—and yet, with all this abundance of the "real stuff," the "genuine hard money," commercial and business affairs move very slowly.

Now, in fact, the cry is beginning to be, that times will not get better, until the banks can be a little eased of their heavy load of these same precious metals! People begin to see that things are not well-off just in proportion to the amount of specie in the vaults of the banks. That a heavy proportion of specie to paper, may be simply a sign of a general stagnation of affairs—and no sign of the business and industrial prosperity of the great masses of society. For banks are simply one important class of capitalists; and if the capitalists of a country, through distrust, or from any other cause, keep their money hoarded in their vaults, it may prove indeed that they are largely more than solvent, and yet signify also that those who ought to be their customers are doing little or nothing.

Such a state of things as the present, has seldom, if ever, been known in this country. However unpleasant, now, it may have its uses in enabling our people to see the precious metals in a new light. Paper credits, in the shape of individual promises to pay, and bank checks and notes, which really represent the enterprise of a thrifty and energetic people, have been sadly stigmatized of late years; while gold and silver have been unduly exalted as the only genuine instruments of trade and barter. But "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges," and many will now see that they have unduly depreciated the paper representatives of an active business system. We trust that those same parties will not now run into the opposite extreme, and vote the precious metals entirely useless. If they do, we shall expect to take up the cudgels in their behalf, as we have done in some degree for their paper coadjutors. For we hold it to be the truth, that a well regulated currency cannot dispense with either—paper being the sails of the financial ship, and gold and silver (the only *legal* tenders) the ballast.

CITY RAILROADS.—Our country friends who have not visited Philadelphia for some years, will be quite surprised when they come—if they delay much longer—at the number of our city railroads. Besides the Fifth and Sixth street road, the West Philadelphia railway is so far completed that the cars are running upon it from Eighth street to Logan street, West Philadelphia, and along Logan to Haverford. The Tenth and Eleventh street line also is nearly completed, and the cars will soon be placed upon it. The Chesnut and Walnut street line is as yet, we believe, a disputed matter—though the railroad interest will probably triumph over the omnibusses, and that portion of the storekeepers who are fearful the change will injure them.

Our readers who remember an article which appeared in the editorial columns of THE POST some year or two ago, in which we deprecated the excitement then raised against these city railroads, and counselled an examination into the subject before going off in a wild tangent of unreasoning opposition, will be amazed probably at the great change of public sentiment, indicated by the facts we have above chronicled. We believe that the great majority of the anti-railroad men now frankly admit that they cried "wolf, wolf," without reasonable cause.

New Publications.

LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE; AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by G. P. R. JAMES, (Published by Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia,) is the latest novel of this celebrated and popular author, and the first we have seen issued in a style at all commensurate with his literary rank and merits. Publishers have hitherto done little for Mr. James, on this side of the Atlantic, at least. Of all the numerous novels of the best English historical romancer since Walter Scott, we do not recall one that has come before the welcoming public in anything like an elegant garb. The new book, however, appears in large, clear type, on good white paper, adorned with beautiful engravings, and does credit to the taste and skill of the publishers. For the first time Mr. James's army of readers will see their favorite in a really handsome volume, and recognize, as we recognize, a subtle poetic harmony between the appearance of the work and its contents. The Sieur Jehan Froissart himself—writer of chronicles hardly more saturated in the spirit of the old time than this, and hardly more veritable, imbued, as it is, with the essential truth of history—might pause, ere yielding to the gentle allurements of the tale of love and arms, and attune his mind to its prospective enchantments, by musing over its initial portrait of the author, with the face of a true chevalier—its soft vignette of the shadowy phantom march of knights, with the ghostly moonlight whitely silvering lance and pennon, steed and armor, and wierd, martial faces—and its title-page of red and black letter, vaguely suggesting the illuminated leaf of some antique volume, and having an artistic fitness through association, with the story as a story of the old days.

But what of the story itself? Of course everybody that can will read it, since everybody likes James, spite of the fun about the solitary horseman—who, by the way, does not appear in this work, an omission jocosely regretted by the author. It is a tale of France in the seventeenth century, in the time of the great Cardinal Richelieu—covering the period of the siege of Rochelle, the same epoch touched with such splendid dramatic power by Dumas in his *Trois Mousquetaires*. Here is a fine field at once for a story and a historical illustration, and Mr. James improves it in both capacities. For the first time, we think, in any novel, something like justice is done to the character and conduct of Richelieu—a statesman, painted too often by his enemies, and, of course, much misrepresented and belied. Mr. James's picture of him is the most carefully studied characterization in the book, and attains the dignity of a historic portrait. No other English writer has given at once so graphic and so just an idea of the great cardinal. The general reader, however, who commonly cares more about the story than the history it makes dramatically evident, will find his sympathies with the adventurous young hero, Master Edward Langdale, and his fair sweetheart, the beautiful Lucette, one of those delicate and pleasant feminine figures that Mr. James compounds, as it were, of "May-time and the cheerful dawn." For the rest, there are characters, more or less amusing, and all well individualized — rough sailors, comic valets, goodman-johns, gallant soldiers, plotting princes, gorgeous ladies of the court and the cabal, and austere burghers of the Protestant persuasion—and an abundance of incident and adventure, stirring and romantic, as befits a time which witnessed the plots of the splendid Buckingham, the lightning blows of Richelieu at the feudal system, the terrible execution of Chalais, the struggle of the heroic Rochellois, and the complex, myriad-handed, many-passioned movement and historic tableaux of new encroaching ages rushing in, and battling with the old. In the portrayal of a time like this, Mr. James shows himself, as usual, master of his subject. He knows the landscape and localities of his story like one who has studied them in their minutest details. He knows the events, the characteristics, the spirit, the men, manners, and customs of the time, not like a writer who specially crams himself with information for a given task, but like a citizen of the age itself—one whose intimate and accurate knowledge has dissolved into a clear intelligence. In this, as in all the novels treating of chivalrous or feudal times, he shows the same power of projecting himself into the life of the period. No diminution of the literary ability, or change in the distinctive character, which long ago won him his place in the minds of his readers, is as yet betrayed. There is still the same strong grasp of his theme, and the thorough acquaintance with it in all its details—the same simple, direct, cheerful, healthy style and tone—the old conscientiousness and fidelity to the truth of events and character in history, as ascertained—the love of natural scenery—the sympathy with robust, manly, generous and chivalric actions—the instinctive preference for dwelling upon noble and knightly natures—and the same moral propriety and dignity which have always kept his books free from stain or blame. Age has mellowed his literary manner somewhat, as fruit is mellowed by autumn. It has more of what the French call *bonhomie*—an element of easy good nature, evinced, here and there, in little side pleasantries and jocosities with the reader, which the reader good-humoredly forgives, though not entirely germane to the story. Of course there are faults—but one might claim, as Alfieri did of Italian vices, that these only prove the excellence of the stock! At any rate, the reader will willingly leave their discussion to the professional critic, while he, intent upon "the dainties that are bred in a book," settles himself down in these tranquil summer hours, to enjoy the story of "Lord Montagu's Page."

A POOR FELLOW, BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHICH; THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT?"—(Dick & Fitzgerald, New York,) is at once a religious and secular novel, written with quaint sincerity and genuine power. The earnestness of the author rushes through the book like a mountain torrent. Many persons we suppose, will fail to sympathize with the views advanced, or consider them demonstrated, but all must be struck with the author's force, and accompany him submissively in the withering exposure of the sins of a millionaire, and the processes of repentance and restitution through which the latter successfully passes. The morality of the book, so to speak, will be discriminated by the critical reader from its theology. Of the latter, the following extract will afford an example:—

"A man may spend a life-time in relieving the poor, healing the sick, encouraging the timid, raising the fallen, helping the helpless, defending the weak; may be scrupulously honest, and if he have defrauded any, make restitution four fold; may carefully abstain from all manner of falsehood and deception; may be generous in thought to the last degree, and of his means to the last fraction, and yet—BE LOST!" [P. 426.]

We prefer to believe that such cases are not *possible*. That "The tree is known by its fruits;" and that "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles."

HADJI IN SYRIA, OR THREE YEARS IN JERUSALEM, by MRS. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON, (James Challen & Sons, Philadelphia,) is a vivacious and graphic record of observations and experiences in Palestine, where the author resided, we believe, with her brother, Dr. Barclay, the author of "The City of the Great King"—a work favorably noticed in these columns a short time ago. Mrs. Johnson signalized her stay in Jerusalem by visiting in disguise, and, indeed, at the peril of her life, the Mosque of Omar and the Tomb of David, to which Christians are never admitted. What she saw therein, the volume tells; as also what pictures the oriental streets, the bazaar, the baths, the harem, the motley and picturesque populace, and the sacred landscape, left in her mind. The book is beautifully illustrated with wood engravings which greatly assist the text.

AQUARELLES; OR, SUMMER SKETCHES, by SAMUEL SOMERS, (Stanford & Delisser, New York,) is the latest shot at folly as it flies at Newport and Saratoga, where fops and flirts do congregate. It is a rhymed satire, written in a vein of tolerably good-natured mockery, not without a dash of tartaric acid, here and there. Summer readers, for whom it is designed, will no doubt relish its palpable hits and Mephistophelian humor, and note with a keener zest the silly people whom it celebrates, plenty of whom throng the watering-places at this season.

According to the Dublin Medical Press, Miss Nightingale has declined to proceed any further in the appropriation of the £45,000 to £50,000 collected in her name for the reform of the nursing department of civil and military hospitals.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ROASTING ALIVE—PINEY IN WHITE MUSLIN—A GREAT CONFLAGRATION—AS MANY LIVES AS A CAT—PUBLIC DISSATISFACTION—A SLANDERER OF WOMANKIND—A SINGULAR PHENOMENON—THE POLICE OF THE SEAS—THE MONTENEGRINS—A QUEER STORY.

Paris, June 10, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The excessive heat (36 deg. centigrade in the shade,) and the dryness which has been withering everything vegetable, and exasperating everything animal in this region is still the uppermost subject here. Masses of black cloud, irradiated with distant flashings, have floated over us every now and then, awaking hopes of a salutary drenching, but sailing by without deigning to bestow more than a few tantalizing drops on the gasping market-gardens of Paris. Last night, however, the heavens took pity on us; and the rain still continues, coming down with a quiet, steady soak, that is no doubt rejoicing the souls of the gardeners as well as their cabbages, but that is very unwelcome to the troops of little girls in white muslin dresses and veils, and of little boys sprucely dressed in their best, with knots of white satin ribbon fringed with gold on their bosoms, who have been thronging past since eight o'clock this morning to the neighboring Church of St. Pierre, there to go through with the ceremony of their "First Communion." The little creatures have all been put busily through their catechism for some time past, in preparation for this great event; but it is quite certain that, for one French child who, like George Sand, takes the affair to heart, and goes off into mystic fears, hopes, and ecstacies, as the period for performing this first act of religious communion draws near, nine hundred and ninety-nine are exclusively occupied with the white muslin and ribbons, and the family party that takes place afterwards to celebrate the event with a lunch or a dinner. The fathers and mothers that have been conveying the little people through the rain, have evidently been in too great a state of distress at the wind, the crushing of draperies, and the soiling of the little white satin shoes, to care for any other aspect of the morning's doings; while the crowd of spectators that have gathered in the street to see the children go into the church, and will gather there again to see the long white stream flow out again at the conclusion of the ceremony, evidently regard the affair as a pretty "spectacle" only, and all look as though they thought it rather hard that the rain, having kept us waiting in drought and dust for a month for its own pleasure, could not have waited a few hours longer for them.

But despite the heat, and now in spite of the rain, thousands of people have been flocking to the smoking ruins of the well-known linen-draper's, *au grand condé*, in the Rue de Seine—one of the favorite "novelty-shops" of the capital—which took fire on Monday evening, and was burnt completely out, notwithstanding the prompt and valorous efforts of firemen, police, soldiers, and public. The establishment being a very extensive one, and crammed from garret to cellar with inflammable materials, the fire became at once unmanageable, and it was feared that the adjoining buildings would share the same fate. Happily, the fire was prevented from spreading, though the fronts of several of the neighboring houses have suffered a good deal. The flaming particles carried off by the air fell in great quantities in the market of St. Germain, and threatened the crooked and narrow streets still bearing the names of Clovis, Clotaire, Childeric, Chilperic, and the other Frankish conquerors of Gaul, and containing several of the oldest and most curious churches of the metropolis. Had the wind been in the opposite quarter, the narrowness of the streets leading to the Ecole de Médicine would most likely have ensured one of those tremendous conflagrations that make an era in the architecture of a city; while, had a northern wind been blowing, the palace of the Luxembourg, with its costly gilding, and its far more precious picture-gallery, would have been in considerable danger. So dense is the crowd that has been pressing to the scene of the catastrophe, that the police and the soldiers have been obliged to organise a regular guard all about it, in order to maintain order, and prevent accident.

It is rumored that another attempt has been made on the Emperor's life at Fontainebleau. Three Italians are said to have been arrested in consequence. That attempts of this kind are being constantly repeated, with a pertinacity that augurs ill for the continuance of the present state of things, is certain; and as it can hardly be supposed that Louis Napoleon's star will not, sooner or later, be found "napping," we have the pleasure of feeling that we are living on a volcano that may make a new eruption at any moment. Let any one of the innumerable bullets aimed at him take effect, and we shall see—what we shall see!

The opposition to the proposed conversion of the hospital property of the country into stock in the Public Funds—a measure which, in such a country as this, though it will have the effect of increasing the revenues of these institutions for the present, will infallibly lead to their utter extinction in course of time—is so general and so strong, notwithstanding the reserve imposed on the public prints, and the adhesion of some of the leading Republican journals to the measure, that it is thought the Emperor will perhaps abandon the measure. His usual shrewdness seems for some time past to have been at fault; the unwise action consequent on the attempt of January was one great blunder, and the present intermeddling with the hospital estates is another. The clergy are furious at the prospect of losing their present management of this species of property, which is to a very great extent farmed out to religious communities; and the public is equally indignant at a measure, which not only sets aside the testamentary arrangements of founders, but threatens to deprive society of an invaluable provision for the more pressing cases of the sickness, infirmity, and destitution which our boasted civilization has hitherto found no means of preventing. Unfortunately, no channel of expression is left open to public feeling; constituents cannot put the screw on their representatives, as in England, and if such an attempt were made to get up petitions protesting against the measure, the organisers of such a movement would be snapped up by the police, and walked off to prison before they had time to collect half a dozen signatures.

Speaking of prison reminds me that M. Proudhon, whose writings have probably done more than that of any other to diffuse a spirit of blind envy, bitterness, and hatred to their more fortunate neighbors among the lower classes in this country, has just been sentenced to three years imprisonment, and a fine, for "outrages against morality, religion, and the existing government." The editors of his last work, which has thus called down the thunders of the law on its author, are also sentenced to three months imprisonment and a fine; even the printers of the obnoxious work coming in for a share of the punishment. This method of treating the author of a false and bad book is certainly a pitiable way of meeting its arguments, whatever they may be; and one would rather see its fallacies clearly exposed than its writer imprisoned. Proudhon, however, has so heaped up, in this work, the measure of his habitual enormities on the score of the fairer sex, that few among them will bestow much sympathy on his present mischance.

Proudhon is a man of very low birth, and of equally low education; the latter point, though not to be imputed to him as a fault, being, nevertheless, a misfortune that serves to explain, in part, the grossness, narrowness, and coarseness of his views with regard to family and social relations, which characterize his productions. In person he is exceedingly ugly; not the mere want of regularity of feature which, especially in the ruder sex, is so often more than compensated by the intelligence and moral beauty of the expression, which render many notoriously "ugly" faces so much more charming than many regularly "handsome" ones; but a sordid, vulgar, repulsive ugliness of features and of expression that *is* fitly mated, in his case, with the clumsy and heavy build of his person, his great coarse hands, his dirty, snuffy, greasy clothes, and his shambling, awkward, slouching gait. He married, late in life, a very worthy woman, who makes him an excellent and faithful servant of all work, and an affectionate nurse to the four children (all daughters) who, according to her husband's peculiar theories, physiological and moral, should be considered as being exclusively *his;* and although she is utterly uncultivated and even illiterate, her good-heartedness, and simple devotion to her duties as wife, mother, and housekeeper, might have sufficed, one would have thought, to render her husband somewhat less unjust to her sex, although the course of his life, and the fact that he has never had any intercourse whatsoever with refined and cultivated women, have necessarily circumscribed his knowledge of the female sex within very narrow limits, and have rendered him peculiarly unfit for treating of the nature and influence of woman. Like most men of great talent who owe their education solely to their own efforts, Proudhon is dogmatic and conceited. A keen dialectician, his love of paradox perpetually leads him into palpable self-contradictions; and his logic is frequently wasted on inductions from unsound premises. Curiously enough, this writer, who prides himself especially on possessing those powers of logical reasoning which he conceives to be solely the appanage of the male sex, and who has devoted these powers with especial zeal to showing that no woman could ever carry out an idea to its legitimate consequences, has found his most formidable opponent in a woman. Madame D'Héricourt, of this city, a lady of great acquirements, and possessed of a power of logical reasoning fully equal to that of Proudhon, has recently published in the *Revue Philosophique et Religieuse*, several remarkable articles, in which she attacks his *dicta* with regard to woman, very cleverly turning the tables on her adversary by abundant citations from his own works, showing the discrepancies and contradictions which they contain on this very subject, as on all others of which he has treated. Thus beaten with his own weapons, and with the additional mortification of receiving this merited castigation from a woman's pen, Proudhon's wounded vanity has rendered him furious; and much of the cynical abuse and insolence with regard to woman in general, which disgraces the last volume of the new work he is now expiating between the four walls of his enforced retreat, has been prompted, according to his own confession, by the rage into which he had been thrown by the strictures of Madame D'Héricourt. This lady is now engaged on a critical examination and refutation of Proudhon's theories with regard to the nature of woman, and the mission of the female sex in the family, and in the world at large. For those who have followed the previous phases of this duel of words, it is tolerably certain that Mme. D'Héricourt's forthcoming book will scarcely restore the equanimity of her adversary.

Our little planet seems to be in a state of mind not more peaceful than that of M. Proudhon, judging by the tempests and other outbreaks of violence reported from every quarter. Not only are Vesuvius, and the other vents of its volcanic ill-temper busily throwing out their streams of red-hot lava and showers of burning *scoriæ*, but earthquakes, of more or less intensity, are felt over nearly all the habitable globe, or rather those portions of it which are in communication with the regions of trade and intellectual activity. A most singular, and, it is said, unprecedented phenomenon occurred on Saturday in the British Channel; where the tide suddenly rose, at Calais, six feet in eight minutes; that is to say, at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Happily this marvellous circumstance occurred at half-past 8 in the morning, previous to the daily departure of the army of shrimp-women, who go down the long shelving sands at low water to catch the delightful little wrigglers that usually lose so much of their proper aroma before figuring on the Parisian fish-stalls. Had this rise of the water—which occurred during a hot, long calm, taken place an hour later, at least fifty of these poor women would have been swept away to certain destruction. The same rise occurred at all the Channel Ports, on both sides of the water, and a good deal of damage was done to small crafts by the occurrence.

It is generally thought over here that the journals on your side of the water must have very greatly exaggerated the action of the British cruisers in the Gulf of Mexico; and no doubt is felt of the difficulty receiving a peaceful solution.

Unhappily, we seem to be still a good way off from the Millenium. The *Moniteur* describes the Montenegrin army, now engaged in murderous struggle with a detachment of the Turkish forces, as consisting of about 150,000 undisciplined fighters, comprising in fact the entire valid male population of the country. As soon as the boys are big enough to hold a gun one is given to them, together with a yataghan and a cartridge-box, and these weapons, with pistols, they have always upon them, even while pursuing the most peaceful avocations. They are admirable marksmen, and so energetic and surefooted that they climb the most difficult steeps like so many Chamois. They support cheerfully every sort of privation; live contentedly on a piece of bread and cheese, a bit of garlic, and a few drops of brandy; and sleep on the ground with their gun for a pillow. Taking advantage of their knowledge of the rocky fastnesses and mountain defiles of their wild country, they send out scouts to draw the enemy into an ambush, and then rush out upon them with their sabres. If they are in the minority, they take up a position on the rocks, insult the enemy, and shoot at them as they fly. They never ask or give quarter, but cut off the heads of their prisoners; and supposing that their enemies pursue the same system, they invariably carry off their wounded on their shoulders. They have a set of wild cries which serve them as signals during action. The Russian officer, Broniewke, says that nothing can be more frightful than the spectacle of these men in battle, almost naked, moving up and down the rocky precipices of their country with the daring agility of wild animals, with a number of bleeding human heads slung over their shoulders, uttering clamorous and discordant cries, and rushing on the foe with impetuous fury, or flying off into their fastnesses with the speed of the wind. Pleasant people!

Before closing this letter, I must recount the strange statement just made by the *Union Bourguignonne*, of Dijon, to the following effect:

"M. Badet," says this journal, "who died on the 12th of last November, after an illness of three months, was accustomed to place himself every day, when his strength permitted, at a window on the first story, with his face turned towards the street, in order to amuse himself with the sight of the passers. A few days ago, M. Peltret, whose house is opposite that of Madame Baudet, perceived at the pane of the window through which the sick man used to look, M. Badot himself, with his cotton night-cap, his wasted features, in fact, the man himself, just as he used to look when seated in his old place by the window. Great was M. Peltret's amazement at this sight. He called in, as witnesses to the reality of the phenomenon, not merely the neighbors, whose testimony might be suspected, but a number of other persons of great respectability, who all distinctly perceived the image of the deceased in the pane in question. The image was also pointed out to the family of the deceased, who immediately caused the pane in which it was visible to be taken out of the window. Every one being the master in his own house, we abstain from making any commentary on this act. But it is absolutely certain that the pane had taken the image of the sick man, which was, as it were, daguerreotyped on it, a phenomenon that might perhaps be explained if there were another window from which the light might have been reflected upon the pane from the face of the sick man. But such a hypothesis is untenable in the present case, there being but one window in the room occupied by M. Badet. Such is the simple truth with regard to this astonishing fact, the explanation of which we must leave to the learned. QUANTUM.

A CHARACTER.

"And there was one
Who strove most valiantly to be a man,
Who smoked and still got sick, drank hard and woke
Each morn with headache; his poor, timorous voice
Trembled beneath the burden of the oaths
His bold heart made it bear. He sneered at love,
Was not so weak as to believe the sex
Cumbered with virtue. O, he knew! he knew!
He had himself adventured in that sea,
Could tell, sir, if he would—yet never dared
Speak to a lady in his life without
Blushing hot to the ears."

—*Alexander Smith.*

☞ Utility is a prominent characteristic of truth. Whatever is true, becomes of some use, even when imperfectly developed; whereas error only serves to mislead, however ingeniously it may be propounded.—*Dr. Andrew Combe.*

☞ I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of Virtue—not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow: and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others.—*Cowley.*

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason!

—*Sir John Harrington.*

☞ A newly-arrived John Chinaman, in Shasta, California, purchased some ice recently, and finding it very wet, laid it out to *dry in the sun*. On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese neighborhood of larceny. A general row was the consequence.

☞ "My schoolmaster," says Carlyle, "was a good Latin scholar, and of the human mind he knew this much—that it had a faculty called memory, which might be reached through the muscular integument by the application of birchen rods."

☞ Ticknor & Fields will soon publish "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and other poems, a new volume by H. W. Longfellow; and the Poetical Works of James G. Percival.

☞ GLASS IN VIOLINS.—At a meeting of the Academy of Science, Paris, M. Petiveau announced the results obtained by substituting a glass sounding post in the violin for a wooden one. The glass post does not differ in shape from the usual sounding post, but it is hollow; and by this device very ordinary violins may acquire properties of sound only to be met with in instruments of the first order.

A GAY DECEIVER.

For some time back a *hard case* has been playing his game in Mobile among the *ton* as "Captain Henri Arnould de Riviere," of the French Zouaves, a "Count" by his French birth-right and a Crimean hero in the bargain, who did most favorably incline the fair Mobilians to hear him talk.

Some time ago a gentleman in Mobile intimated, from his perception of human nature, that "Captain Count Henri Arnould de Riviere" was an egregious humbug. The gallant Zouave's friends, of course, worked up a duel as the consequence, and as Fate in such matters is supposed to side with the *right*, our readers will remember that Captain de Riviere received the ball of his adversary (Captain Maury) in his cheek. This duel gave the fellow more *eclat*, although he was the hit bird. The gallant Mobilians did not believe a "humbug" would show fight. He became, while wounded, intensely fascinating, and from the effects of the ball through his cheek, was more *cheeky* than ever.

This fellow "De Riviere" lived in New York till it became too small for him, and then he tried his French impudence in the south; and previous to going to Mobile, figured largely in New Orleans. In Mobile, among the families to whose house he had access was that of Mr. Blount, a member of the bar, and one of the most respected citizens in Mobile. Here, it seems, he won the affections of Miss Blount, the mother consenting, and an elopement to New Orleans was the consequence. Mr. B. immediately telegraphed after the runaways, and De Riviere was arrested on the boat, but was let go by getting a friend to furnish bail of $1,000 to appear before the magistrate when his accuser (Mr. B.) should reach the city, and be prepared to confront him.

Mr. Blount charges the Captain with bigamy, and says he has positive proof that the Captain was married in Canal Street Church, New York, last winter, to a respectable young French lady, and that his wife now resides in Philadelphia, on the corner of Pine and William streets.

However, before the time appointed for the Crimean warrior to appear to answer this serious charge, he managed to make off, and, strange to say, Mrs. Blount and her daughter are gone with the fellow.

The southern papers say that de Riviere was arrested on Friday morning. That evening he was released on bail. That night he took the ladies from the Verandah, where they had stopped since his arrest, up to Carrollton. After that nothing was seen of them, nor has anything been heard of them since, although the sharpest police in town has been on the hunt for them. Mr. Blount did not arrive till Monday from Mobile, and of course was in much anxiety about his wife and daughter.

The Zouave, however, managed to give all the New Orleans police the slip, and has carried his eloping powers still further, as we see it stated that Mr. Blount has received information from the Spanish Consul, who gave them passports, that the parties embarked on Saturday, on the last trip of the steamer Black Warrior for Havana, under assumed names—De Riviere as Henry Arnaud, and Mrs. Blount and daughter under the name of Mrs. Rice and daughter. We learn, also, that it is the purpose of Mr. Blount to follow them by the next steamer, and that he will be accompanied by a Mr. Mignon, of New Orleans, who went De Riviere's bail for a thousand dollars which he has had to pay, and by Mr. Giraud, who was the Zouave's second in his duel with Captain Maury, and is bent on revenge for the imposition practised on him by De Riviere's pretension to be a gentleman. Although there is no extradition treaty between this country and Spain, they hope in some way to bring the fascinating Frenchman to punishment for his villanies.—*Charleston Courier.*

BRIBERY—A PARODY

The quality of bribery is deep stained;
It droppeth from a hand behind the door
Into the voter's palm. It is twice dirty;
It dirts both him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis basest in the basest, and becomes
Low blacklegs more than servants of the crown.
Those swindlers show the force of venal power,
The attribute to trick and roguery,
Whereby is managed a bad horse that wins:
But bribery is below their knavish "lay."

—*Punch*

☞ It has been thought that the moon has no atmosphere, but the Paris *Moniteur* announces that photographic experiments were made in France during the eclipse of the sun on the 15th ult., and established the fact that the moon has an atmosphere of about twenty-five miles in height.

☞ It is said that one of the editors of the Chronicle, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

☞ It has been shrewdly remarked that what persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion; but intervals best discover the man.

☞ Purpose is the edge and point of character; it is superscription on the letter of talent. Character without it, is blunt and torpid; genius without it, is bullion, splendid and uncirculating.

☞ Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater.*

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert its grain
Tortive and errant from its course of growth.

—*Shakespeare—Troilus and Cressida.*

CAN A MAN BE HIS OWN GRANDFATHER?—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man; the widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother; now as the son of a great-grandmother must either be a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was therefore his own grandfather. This was actually the case with a boy at a school at Norwich.—*W. J. F., Notes and Queries.*

CLERICAL COMFORTS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In the books of the parish church of Darlington the following entry may be seen:—"Item, for six quarters of sacke for ye minister who preached when he hadde no minister to assyste him, 9s. Item, for one quarte of sacke for Jillet ye days he preached, 2s. 6d. Item, for one pinte of brandye for Mr. George Bill ye days he preached, 1s. 4d. Item, for a stranger who preached, a dozen of ale, 3s. Item, for ale and brandye ye daye ye Deane of Durham preached here, 9s. 6d."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE editor of the Michigan Farmer writes to the Detroit Advertiser, at considerable length, to prove that the wool-clip this year, in the North-West, and particularly in Ohio, will not be as large as usual, though the contrary has been frequently asserted. The number of sheep, he says, has greatly diminished. According to the same authority the number of sheep in the State of New York is probably smaller than it was in the year 1855, when it was 3,217,024.

PAUL MORPHY IN EUROPE.—The British Chess Association was to have met at Birmingham on Tuesday last. This association is composed of the best players of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and its meetings are occasions of great interest to lovers of that game. Paul Morphy has gone to Europe to participate in this meeting, and it is understood that if successful in the Congress he will not return to the United States till he shall have tried the strength of all the most distinguished players in Europe. The gallant youth is striking for the championship of the world. If he win it, he will no doubt weep that Philidor is not alive to dispute the palm with him.

A RIGHTEOUS VERDICT.—At a recent term of the Federal Court of the United States, Pontotoc, Mississippi, the father of Nancy Wilson, of Virginia, a young lady about sixteen years old, obtained a judgment of $40,000 damages against Robert Wilson, of Mississippi, who was and is a married man, for decoying his daughter away from home and seducing her. It is said that the defendant has transferred his property, so that nothing can be made out of him, although at the time he committed the deed he was a wealthy man.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

THE Free Love institution at Berlin Heights, Ohio, appears to be in an exceedingly prosperous condition. The Cleveland Herald says that there are from thirty to fifty of the sect in the township of Berlin: they are constantly erecting buildings—five or six having been put up within a few weeks—and the occupants are becoming more and more bold.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford has refused the rite of confirmation to the Roman Catholic children attending the Clonmel National School.—*Dublin Evening Packet.*

THE papers of San Salvador take ground against the Cass-Yrissari treaty. They say it is an entering wedge to the absorption by the United States of all Central America.

A "SWEET" PROSPECT.—Below Point Coupee, La., is one broad field of sugar cane covering thirty thousand acres! There are rows four miles in length, and as straight as an arrow. At one point the traveller can count fifteen brick sugar houses at one glance.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.—A delegation of the Canadian Parliament, numbering sixty members, visited Detroit, Michigan, last Saturday, and was hospitably entertained by the city government.

PAVING BY STEAM.—A steam paving machine is in operation in New York, which, armed with a row of fifty rammers, pounds down the cobble stones as fast as could be done by fifty men.

GREAT ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL.—The great accumulation of capital in the name of one person, on deposit in several banks of the city, now amounts to upwards of two million dollars. This is the man who refused to give five dollars for a charitable purpose, declaring he was not able, because so much of his money was lying idle in the banks.—*Boston Ledger.*

SEVEN YEAR FLOODS.—The Western waters were very high in '36 and '37. Seven years after in '44; and in 7 years again in '51; and then again in '58, we have a great flood. The superstitious can now exercise their talents upon the magical number 7. The Indians of the West, it is said, held such a tradition, also, of seven year floods.

WHEN CORN GROWS.—Dr. R. R. Harrison, of Prince George county, Va., has taken pains to make some careful examinations to ascertain whether corn grows, as is generally supposed, more at night than by day. August 1, corn grew in twenty-four hours, five inches; at night one and a-half inches. August 2, it grew four and seven-eighth inches; at night one and seven-eighths, and in the day three inches.

PASSPORTS FOR FRANCE.—Mr. Sartiges, the French Minister, writes to Secretary Cass that the regulations in regard to passports to France have not been changed. The *visa* of a French agent ahead is obligatory on every person who wishes to proceed to France. The Consul-General, Consuls, and by exception, the French Vice Consul, at Baltimore, as well as the Legation of the Emperor at Washington, have the power to grant these *visas*. Carriers bearing official despatches of a foreign Government are exempted from the general rule in regard to the *visa*, on condition that they are provided with a passport issued on the responsibility of such Government, and mentioning their character.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER KILLED.—A school-teacher, named Gogerty, was killed in Middlesex county, Va., on the 17th ult., by a boy named Bristow, aged 18 years. It appears that Gogerty chastised a pupil, who was a brother of Bristow, and that the father of the boy and Gogerty had an altercation in consequence, when the eldest son interfered, and, it is alleged, inflicted the mortal wound with a knife. He then made his escape. These facts are given in a letter to the Richmond Dispatch.

EFFECTS OF THE FLOODS ON THE CROPS.—The St. Louis Democrat thinks that the danger of a material diminution of the grain crop of the West in consequence of the recent freshets and overflows is being much overrated. It says—In 1851 there was precisely such a flood as now prevails—not subduing till the first of July—and yet the receipts of corn and wheat at St. Louis in that year were fully up to the average during the five years from 1849 to 1853.

MURDER OF A BOY BY BANDITS.—The *Novedades* of Madrid (Spain) mentions a horrible crime. A little boy, aged nine, son of a gentleman named Portero, of Ciudad Real, was lately carried off by a gang of bandits, and a ransom of 200,000 reals was demanded from his parents, to be paid by a given day. The ransom not having been sent, the boy was barbarously murdered, and his dead body was thrown into a well a hundred yards from the walls of the town.

J. STEINER, of Harrisburg, Pa., proposes to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, 100 feet in diameter. He says, in a letter to the Telegraph:—"I am satisfied in my own mind that, with such an apparatus, I could cross the Atlantic in 75 hours, and the whole cost would not be more than $20,000."

PEACHES AND APPLES.—The Delaware Gazette says:—"We regret to learn that both the apple and peach crop is likely to be very short in this State. There is scarcely a hope of a fourth of a crop of the former, and a third of the latter. In Brandywine Hundred it is thought there will be no apples at all to speak of, while there will be very few peaches. And in St. George and Red Lion Hundreds, where there is usually a good crop, the prospect is not much better."

THE amount of rain that has fallen over a large portion of the United States in six weeks, running from the 1st of May to the 12th of June, has scarcely a parallel. The Pittsburg Journal says the average of observations will give about 10 inches in May, and 5 inches to the 12th of June, or 15 inches in 43 days. These rains do not appear to have been local, but extend east and west at least 1,000 miles, north and south half that distance.

SORGHUM CANE.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Homestead says that besides the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese sugar-cane, there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the expressed juice of the cane into any clean wood or glass vessel, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days, when it assumes the appearance of limpid water, and is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider, and we suppose might be properly called cane-cider.

THE New York Times, in giving the following incident, shows that "truth is stranger than fiction:" "A few days ago we recorded the fact that a girl fourteen years old attempted to take her own life by swallowing a dose of laudanum, and—this not having the desired effect—attempted to drown herself at Thompson Dock. She made another attempt upon her life last Sunday. This precocious young Miss of fourteen summers, was, on Tuesday last, married by the Rev. Mr. Johnson to a man forty-two years of age. The husband resides in Boston and buried his first wife about five weeks ago. He visited Brooklyn, bringing with him an infant, and his present wife to take care of it on the trip, promising to send her back to her parents by the return boat."

COUP DE SOLEIL.—The Cincinnati Times of the 28th records fourteen cases of sun-stroke in that city in two days, four of which were fatal. A number of ladies, out shopping, were struck down with the heat.

THE WEATHER OF JUNE.—The mean temperature of June, as ascertained by the thermometer at the Philadelphia Hospital, was 75¼ degrees, which is nearly four degrees above the average for the last thirty-three years, and is the warmest June since 1831. The highest of the thermometer was 94, the lowest 54 degrees. On ten days the thermometer reached 90 degrees. The amount of rain was four and a half inches, all of which, except one-tenth of an inch, fell in twenty-four hours, from 6, P. M., of the 11th to 6, P. M., of the 12th.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD.—The family of a Congregational minister was living peacefully in a two-story brick house, in Illinois, and a small mill-stream ran quietly in the creek below. It rained in the afternoon, they had prayers, and the children retired, the babe playing with a brother's watch. About midnight, the swollen torrent had undermined the dwelling, and a wife, and family of eight children, were swept away from beneath a fallen home, or buried in its ruins. The minister, himself a cripple from infancy, alone survived, (caught in a tree) to tell the sad tale. And the watch was found, *still going*, in the dead infant's grasp. This is but a single case.

A HUMANE DRIVER.—The New Orleans (La.) Picayune recently saw a negro cartman procure an old hat, which he filled with raw cotton saturated with water, and tied firmly over his mules' head and ears, taking care to keep the cotton constantly wetted. A contrivance of this kind, with a yard of common muslin spread on a couple of hoops to cover the back and loins, would give comfort and protection to many a poor toiling animal during this sultry weather, at a trifling expense.

A DUEL took place recently, in New Orleans, between Mr. Ganion, of the True Delta, and Mr. Gibson, of the Crescent, in which the latter was severely wounded.

HENRY BROOKS, the first officer of the Kane expedition to the Arctic regions, died of sunstroke at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on Tuesday week. The only officer of the expedition now surviving is Dr. Hays, the surgeon.

IN Cincinnati, recently, a wager was made by a Scotchman that he could kill twelve rats, in regular dog fashion, in less time than a Scotch terrier, famous for the destruction of the noxious vermin. The man and the dog were placed in the ring, and both went to work energetically and bravely. The human creature would snatch up the rats in his hands, and biting them across the neck and spine, precisely as the terrier, kill them at once. Both did well, but the man killed his twelfth rat just as the dog had finished his tenth. When the Scotchman came out of the ring he was covered with blood, and his hands were bitten in various places, but he seemed to care nothing for his wounds, after obtaining a triumph over a dog.

POST OFFICE CARELESSNESS.—A boy, working in a shoe-shop at Milford, Mass., recently found in an old mail bag, which had been purchased to be wrought into shoes, a letter, mailed in an office in Tennessee, and addressed to another office in the same State, which contained $238 in bank notes. Several thousands of these worn out mail bags have been purchased at different times by the same firm, and several other letters have been found in them.

DAMAGES ALLOWED A COLORED VOTER.—At the election in Warren county, Ohio, in 1858, Jesse Beckley, a colored man, offered his vote, but the judges refused to receive it, upon the ground that he was not "a citizen of the United States," according to the meaning of the act of Congress. Subsequently he sued the judges for $1,000 damages, and a few days ago the judges gave him $500. A new trial, however, has been granted. Colored men owning a certain amount of property are allowed to vote in Ohio.

"BUTTON-HOLES ON BOTH SIDES."—A gentleman of Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow on the day after he had received his ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garments, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming, in a loud voice, "button-holes on both sides, massa!" handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

NEGLIGENCE OF THE ENGINEER THE CAUSE OF THE AWFUL TRAGEDY ON THE PENNSYLVANIA.—J. H. Campbell, of New Orleans, one of the victims of the Pennsylvania, before he died, made a statement of the following facts: On the morning of the explosion, Mr. Campbell was up early, and having an acquaintance among the deck passengers who was sick, he descended to the main deck to pay him a visit. On reaching the engine room, he found that the engineer was not at his post. So struck was he at this instance of negligence and its possible consequence, that he was about to try the water, but desisted, knowing the engineer would look upon such an act as disrespectful. He then discovered that the engineer was aft, where he had been in company with some woman. As he advanced, the engineer approached, as if to try the water. At that moment the catastrophe occurred.

CURIOUS—Mr. E. T. Mott, a member of the Select Council, of this city, died recently from the following very singular cause. Some two weeks ago, while cutting his corns with a blunt instrument, the implement made a rather deep incision. The wound, however, was almost healed, and nothing more was thought of the matter until Saturday last, when mortification rapidly set in. It gradually extended, as is supposed, to the vitals, terminating in death at the hour already named. On Sunday the family sent for Professor Pancoast, in order that he might amputate. The surgeon's practiced eye discerned at once that the operation could be of no avail.

GOLD IN OHIO.—Messrs. S. M. Price & Co., of south Salem, Ross county, Ohio, sent us a sample of gold, a few days since, found in that vicinity, requesting us to have it tested by competent persons here. We have done so, and find it good gold, twenty-two carats fine. Messrs. Price & Co. write:—"We have discovered one mine five miles south of this place, which, according to present prospecting, will pay four dollars per day to each hand. We shall commence operations next week in regular California style.—*Ga. Gem.*

MY FIRST LOVE.

[Copied from the private papers of Chas. Cathcart, Esq.]

BY MARGUERITE BLOUNT.

A tall, slender figure, with brown hair falling over the shoulders, and a pale, resolute face, clad in a long flowing dressing-gown, and holding a light high above its head, and looking steadily down at me, as I ascended the stairs—this was what I saw as I went up to my room in the Spread Eagle inn, Gracechurch street, London, on the night of the 18th of September, 1848, as I am a Christian!

I stopped short and looked at the figure, as it was looking at me. I had not been drinking, I was not walking in my sleep, and, more than all, I knew the face and form—but what, in the name of common sense, was a young lady doing in the passage of an old inn at that hour alone, and in such a dress? She blushed scarlet as I drew near, and wrapped her dressing-gown more closely around her; but the next moment she was as pale as before, and spoke to me eagerly and hurriedly, but in a very low voice.

"Sir, are you the landlord of this inn?"

"I am not, madam."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Down stairs in the coffee-room, I think. But what is the matter? Are you ill? Has anything gone wrong?"

She stamped her foot slightly with impatience, and looked me full in the face. Fine eyes she had—blue and soft, in general—but now they were blazing.

"Don't stop to ask questions, sir! Bring him here at once; and come back with him yourself. Bring pistols, if you have them; do you hear? And run for your life—for your life!" she added, leaning over the bannisters, and speaking in the same low, hurried tone.

I was away in an instant, though I knew no more of my errand than the man in the moon. But I should like to see the man who would not have done the same. Apart from the fact that she was claiming my aid and protection, there was something in the ring of the voice, low as it was, and the flash of the eye, that warned me that she was not to be trifled with. She would have made a good general, had she been a man; and, I wager my head, not a soldier would have dared to retreat, had she spoken as she did to me that night. But before I finish my story, I must begin it. I am but a blundering fellow. My wife always says, if a mistake can be made, I am sure to make it; and I believe I was going to tell you about the landlord's coming, before I said what he had come for. Now, then, I will commence the thing rightly.

The Spread Eagle Inn, which is still standing, and may be seen any day, by the curious traveller, is a clumsy ill-lighted house, situated in the heart of the city, yet keeping all its oddities, which were just in the fashion some two or three hundred years ago. It is built around a court-yard, shut in by gates, across which galleries are thrown, from one door to the other, with the paved yard below. It has balustrades and staircases containing sufficient oak to build half a modern house with: and deep window seats, and queer-shaped, gloomy rooms, and odd little closets, and landing-places, and passages, carpets, chairs and pictures that Mrs. Noah might have kept house with, in the ark; to say nothing of the curious old china on the sideboards, and the wine-glasses and decanters to match. To an Englishman, it offers the snuggest of homes, and the roast beef and mutton there are unexceptionable; while the waiter is as civil and as steady as if he had been breathing the atmosphere of the old place for years. It makes one feel "respectable," merely to live there for a time; and I, who had been a wild enough college lad, found myself sobering down day by day, as I pored over my manuscripts, or dined quietly by myself, under the eye of Charles, the waiter, off my slice of mutton and baked potatoes, my pint of porter, my apple or damson tart. Quite like a family man I felt, at times—though my wife and children were with my ship, that was to come home some day, and bring me an immense fortune. I did not know how long the voyage might take, not knowing even from what port the vessel was to start; and so I lived under the wings of the Spread Eagle, and worked at my manuscript, and waited.

One day, the sitting-room next mine was taken, after it had been standing empty for a week, and I heard the voices of an old man, his wife, and the fresh, clear tones of a young girl. I often judge people by their voices before I see them, and I pictured the lady to myself, quite correctly. There was a ring in her words, a buoyant, lark-like tone, that gave me the idea of a happy spirit and perfect health. Now and then the voice deepened and softened, and I knew that her face had lost its smile, and that she was looking grave—perhaps sad. So I knew that she had suffered, and as day after day went on, and the voice grew familiar, I judged that she had suffered deeply. There was something behind that natural gaiety, known only to herself and God, it may be, and yet it threw a gloom over her whole life, and would always do so. And I thought I should like to see her, and judge if my surmises were correct.

I asked the landlord about the party. He looked at the book, and read the names—"Rev. Edward Williams and lady. Mrs. Arnold, New York City."

"They are Americans, then?" I exclaimed.

"So it seems. They came here three weeks ago by the packet, and are going to Paris next month. Very nice people they seem, but they have queer ways. All Americans have, I am told."

"Yes—they seem odd to us, no doubt," I said, musingly, scarcely knowing what I had answered. And then I went up to my room, and wondered if "Mrs. Arnold" was a widow, or if her husband was still living. If so, I felt strongly inclined to strangle or shoot him, without any delay. It is very ridiculous—yet, also, quite sincere—the feeling one man has towards another who (as he thinks) has robbed him of something which might have beautified his own life. I am sure many a married woman would laugh heartily if she but knew the fancies that pass through the brain of one of her bachelor friends, who admires her, as he sees her with a child in her arms, or her sweet face looking over her husband's shoulder (stupid man!) as he pores over a dry newspaper, quite unconscious of her presence.

While I sat thinking thus of Mr. Arnold, Mrs. Arnold, in the next room, began to sing. There was a good piano in No. 42, and I had often heard her playing before. But this evening she only seemed recalling snatches of sweet, sad songs, and I felt sure she was alone. Her touch upon the keys was soft and dreamy; sometimes she was playing only with one hand, and then would come a long pause, though I had not heard her leave her seat. I would have given worlds to have been beside her, in that hour of twilight. But it faded; and the cold wall of my room was still between us. I heard her singing "Then you'll remember me," very softly, and then the music ceased. If I had sat by myself any more I am sure I should have been mad enough to go into the next room; so, taking up my hat and gloves, I went out for a walk. The door of No. 42 stood half-way open, and from my end of the passage I could see into the room plainly, for the boy had just lit the gas, and drawn the curtains. She was standing over the piano, dressed in deep mourning, though a wedding-ring and its heavy guard shone on her left hand. "Thank heaven! the fellow is dead!" I thought: and then the next moment I laughed at my absurdity. She had the evening paper in her hand, yet though her head was bent, I could see her face quite well. In only one thing was she different from her counterpart in my brain—she was not beautiful, as I had fancied she must be. She was tall, and straight, and elegant in form; and her face was one of those which change and vary with every shade of feeling; but only redeemed from plainness by a pair of deep-set and beautifully shaped eyes, whose color, I found, when she threw the paper aside, was that dark, lovely blue, one scarcely ever sees, except in the sky of a summer night. Just the eyes I had dreamed of all my life—and yet there was not the slightest chance that they would ever look at me, as they had doubtless looked at Mr. Arnold, deceased, a thousand times. She was a girlish widow—yet there was something in her manner which betrayed the married woman—an ease and *aplomb*, which rarely or never shows itself in a young girl, especially if she has been reared carefully by a mother's hand.

I might have stood in the passage all night, criticising her, had she not entered it herself suddenly, (for her movements were all quick as flashes of light,) and taken me so by surprise, that I am sure she would have seen me staring in at her, had she not, luckily for me, caught her foot in the mat as she crossed the threshold. She stumbled, and would have fallen, but I sprang to her assistance and caught her, and felt her heart beating quickly against my arm. She panted with the sudden start it had given her, but stood up in a second, and just glancing at me as I stood beside her in the dark passage, said quietly, "Thank you, Charles. I might have hurt myself very much, if you had not saved me. And, by the way, I wish you would have that stupid thing taken away. My uncle fell over it last night, and I suppose it will be my aunt's turn next."

She ran lightly up the stairs to her sleeping-room, laughing to herself as she went. She had mistaken me for the waiter! But I did not care, (though I fancied there was some difference in our height and air,) since it had given me the pleasure of hearing my own name, and spoken by her lips. I declare solemnly to this day, that when Mrs. Cathcart (my wife) calls me Charles, an odd feeling comes over me, and I see the hall of the Spread Eagle, and Mrs. Arnold running up the stairs, while I stand in a state of maudlin admiration below. So much for the power of association.

I went to the Opera that evening. I usually spent my evenings there, or at the theatre, because I had no acquaintances in London, and it was dull, sitting in my room alone. They played the "Bohemian Girl," I remember, and the tenor sang Mrs. Arnold's song, "Then you'll remember me." And the lights, and the music, and the crowd seemed to pass away, and leave me listening to her again, touching the piano softly, and half, singing, half humming the words, as if, if she trusted herself to utter them aloud, they would surely bring tears with them. I thought of her constantly till the opera was over; and, the house empty, I thought of her over my hot supper at Very's; and I thought of her as I went home along the deserted streets. I looked up at her window to see the light there, as I entered the court-yard. It was burning brightly enough, and I entered the house, and sat down in the coffee room a few moments with the landlord, who was a friend of mine, in his way. I did not talk to him, nor he to me—we were neither of us talking men, and seldom had many words together. But he pored over the Times steadily, intent upon political news, and I held the Advertiser upside down before me, and felt, with a thrill of bashful satisfaction, that I was no longer indifferent to the advice of Mr. Weller, senior,—"Samivel! Samivel! bevare of the widders!" No: a widow had changed me in the twinkling of an eye, and I was in love, as hopelessly, as unreasonably, and as foolishly as any sober man of thirty could well be!

I must now proceed to state that Mrs. Arnold's room was on the second floor, just above No. 40, and looking out upon Gracechurch street itself. To it she went quietly on that eventful evening, at the hour of ten, just at the time when I was sitting in my box at the Opera, thinking of her. Something made her wakeful. She sat down at her toilet-table, and talked awhile to the housekeeper, who had come up with clean pillow cases, and asked many questions about the house and the family. How they broached the topic, I do not know—but after a time, they began to think, and to speak about that strange phenomenon, called "spiritual rapping." The Cock Lane ghost was brought upon the carpet, and various other stories told, till Mrs. Arnold grew nervous, and laughingly declared she would hear no more. Then the housekeeper bade her good night, and she locked the door, and began to prepare for bed.

The room was large, rather dark, and full of corners and recesses. The light of the two wax candles on the toilet-table only served to make these corners visible in their shadowy gloom. The bed was high, and hung about with dark crimson curtains; the furniture of the room was dark, too; and the cushions of the chairs and the covers of the tables red also. It is a color which needs much light to set it off to advantage: it looked dismal enough to her just then. At one end of the room a door led into a kind of large closet, which was unfurnished, and looked out into the court-yard; but this door opened *out* into Mrs. Arnold's room, and locked on that side. Sometimes linen was kept there; and the housekeeper had evidently been there that evening, for the key was in the lock, and the door a little ajar. Mrs. Arnold would have preferred it shut, but she was too timid to cross the room just then.

She undressed slowly, singing, in a low voice, the song I had heard her sing that evening. As she bent down to unlace her boot, she happened to cast her eyes towards the closet (she had a vision like an eagle), and, to her surprise and terror, she saw it move distinctly—only the lower part of the door, for she had presence of mind enough not to start, and the bed concealed the upper part, as she was stooping. The legend of that woman who saw the great boot of a man under her bed, yet had the courage to stay in the room all the evening, going on with her ordinary household duties within reach of the assassin's knife, till her husband came, and she was safe, flashed across her mind, and taught *her* how to act. She yawned luxuriously, interrupted her singing one moment, and then went on with a steady voice. After she had prepared for bed, she folded her dressing-gown around her, and brushed her hair before the glass. In that mirror she could see the door move now and then, as if her visitor was getting impatient; and once it creaked. She started, naturally, and threw her slipper against the wall, as if to frighten away the mice, and resumed her occupation. When that was over, she went to her jewel-case, which stood upon the toilet-table, and turned its bright contents out in a heap before her. She held a spray of diamonds against her hair, as if to try its effect; she clasped and unclasped her bracelets, and toyed with her rings. Meanwhile, the door creaked again, and letting an unset diamond fall to the ground, and stooping to pick it up, she saw, with a rapid glance, that a burly, ill-looking man was peering at her from behind the curtains of the bed. He started back, thinking himself discovered; and in that moment of horrible anxiety—that moment which, for aught she knew, might be her last—what did she do? She could hear his breathing distinctly, sharpened as all her senses were, and almost felt the cold steel in her heart; and so she made herself a mocking curtsey in the glass, and held the diamond spray above her forehead.

"Duchess of Nemours!" she said, softly. "And why not? I should look well with a coronet. I wish my husband was dead!"

She leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed to think. A subdued rustling told her that the robber was retreating. The door swung softly together—she saw it in the glass—and her resolution was taken.

"Two diamond rings and a diamond spray," she said, counting the gems aloud, as she put them back in their case. "A ruby and an amethyst bracelet, a ruby ring, and a garnet—But where *is* the garnet necklace, by the way? How stupid of me to mislay it! And my husband's gift, too! I wonder if I have put it in my trunk."

The trunk stood very near the door of the closet. She went and unlocked it, and tumbled its contents out upon the floor, bending over it with her light, while that man was within two feet of her! I wonder how she had the nerve to do it. Indeed, she said afterwards that she knew that he was bending down, too, and looking over her shoulder at the trinkets as she turned them over with a steady hand; and that her greatest difficulty was to keep from breaking out into hysterical laughter, and so betraying that she knew of his presence.

The bracelet was not there. She pushed the things aside impatiently, shut down the trunk, and placed the candle on the lid. Then she stood up, with her finger on her lip, and her head bent down.

"Where *can* the necklace be!"

She turned, as if to go by the closet, towards a chest of drawers, that stood in the corner of the room; made one step past it; whirled suddenly; and, pushing both hands upon the door with all her might, locked and double-locked it in a second. She heard a terrific oath inside as the robber threw himself against it, too late; and, snatching up her candle, sped out for help. She found me as I have described, while I was coming up the staircase, and she stood at the head of it.

In three moments after she had spoken to me, I came back with the landlord, the waiter, Charles, the head-hostler, and "boots." They were all strong men; and the landlord had his pistols. Boots, I now remember, carried the poker, and I snatched up a great carving-knife from the sideboard. What did the woman do, when she saw our procession, but burst out laughing!

"You come as if you were going to join the army at Flanders," she said, after she had related her dangerous adventure. "I have locked the man up safely, and you will frighten him to death with your savage looks."

I colored up to the roots of my hair, and gave my carving-knife to Charles, and sneaked behind the rest. I believe, at that moment, I hated her.

It was a great sight to see her marching before us, with her light in her hand. An Englishwoman would have fainted at being seen in *deshabille* by five men; but she, with the frank, free bravery of an American lassie, let the circumstances explain the dress, and marshalled us quietly into the room. There was her book upon the toilet-table, and there were the jewels glittering in their case—the contents of her trunk as she had left them, on the floor, and the closet locked and silent. She put the key into the landlord's hand.

"Help the gentleman out!" she said, lamely.

I think she was the bravest woman I have ever seen, and I could not help looking at her with admiration and respect. She took a great shawl from a chair and wrapped it around her form, shivering slightly, and then stood a little aside and waited.

We heard the man breathing heavily, as the key turned in the lock, and the moment the door was open, he made a savage rush out, knocking the landlord and Charles down, as if they had been two boys. But "boots" and I caught him; and the hostler snatched a leather strap from Mrs. Arnold's trunk, and we had him bound in a moment. She sat in her easy-chair, looking on quietly, as if she had been at a play, and when his eyes met hers, she smiled.

"You see I was too much for you," she said quietly.

He growled out,

"You are a clever woman, by jingo! I didn't think there was a woman as could bring Bill Nevins to this."

"Thank you, my friend; I never had a greater compliment paid me."

We led him from the room, and the landlord turned to her.

"Of course you will wish to go to Mrs. Williams's room," said he; "or I can give you one near the housekeeper's!"

"No; I think I'll stay here," she said, in her short, quiet, decided way. "I suppose you have not left any of your friends behind you, my man!" she added, turning to the prisoner.

The fellow grinned and pulled at his forelock, saying,

"No, my lady; I was all alone."

"That will do, then. Good-night, gentlemen! Accept my thanks now, and I will offer them more suitably when I am not quite so sleepy."

She bowed us out of the room, and locked the door behind us. Every one was loud in her praise but me; and as for the prisoner, he swore with a more emphatic oath than I should like to record, that six months or a year was nothing after that; and that if he thought all American women were like her, he would cross the ocean to find one in his own station, the moment he was set free. But I was silent. And when the housebreaker had been consigned to the tender mercies of the police, and the hotel was silent, and I alone in my room, I scarcely knew what to think. Such courage almost frightened me; and yet I remembered how pale she looked, and that she leaned against the mantelpiece at first, as if to support herself; so I forgave her bravery, and thought only of the beauty of her eyes and the sweetness of her voice, and sank away to sleep at last, with the firm resolution that another day should not pass over my head before I had told her how I had learned to love her.

But the next day brought its own events, and what was worse its own personages, with it. A carriage stopped before the door as I entered from my morning walk; a tall, bearded man, with an honest, handsome face, darted into the house, and up the stairs, three at a time. There was a cry of surprise on the second landing—a murmur, and a sudden mingling of voices, that roused my curiosity to the highest pitch. I ran up to my own room, and passing the half-open door of No. 42, there was my divinity in the arms of the stranger (confound him!) calling him "George," and kissing him in a way that made me long to poison him. *Down* stairs *I* went, three at a time, and collared the landlord in the hall.

"Who is that man?"

"Just come? In 42?" he gasped, half choked, and quite surprised.

"Yes!"

"Captain Arnold—Mrs. Arnold's husband. Just come from a voyage to India. I say, sir, no more midnight adventures now, I suppose? You never will have a chance to play the part of a guardian angel again—eh, sir?—think so, sir?"

My hand dropped from his collar, and consigning him and Captain Arnold to perdition, I walked away. A week of heart-sickness followed, and, at the end of that time, Mrs. Arnold and her party had gone. I hear she is in America now, in New York. And I have no doubt she will read this story, and laugh till her lovely blue eyes fill with tears, over my folly. She will show it to her husband, too, and *he* will laugh. Never mind! I must take care that Mrs. Cathcart shall never see it; she at least must never know what a tremendous falsehood I told when I swore on my bended knees, that I had *never* loved any woman before (she wouldn't marry me on any other conditions)—and thereby alone can my peace of mind be ensured. And thus ends the story of My First Love.—*Reynold's Miscellany.*

DUST AND ASHES.

I

Betwixt your home and mine,
Oh, love, there is a graveyard lying;
And every time you came,
Your steps were o'er the dead, and from the dying!

Your face was dark and sad,—
Your eyes had shadows in their very laughter,
Yet their glances made me glad,
And shut my own to what was coming after.

Your voice had deeper chords
Than the Æolian harp when night winds blow;
The melancholy music of your words
None but myself may know.

And, oh, you won my heart
By vows unbreathed,—by words of love unspoken;
So that, as now we part,
You have no blame to bear, and yet—'tis broken!

II.

How shall I bear this blow, how best resent it?
Ah, love, you have not left me even my pride!
Nor strength to put aside, nor to repent it:
'Twere better I had died!

You came beneath my tent with friendly greeting;
Of all my joys you had the better part;
Then, when our eyes and hands were oftenest meeting,
You struck me to the heart!

No less a murderer, that your victim, living,
Can face the passing world, and jest and smile!
No less a traitor, for your show of giving
Your friendship all the while!

Well, let it pass! That city churchyard, lying
Betwixt our homes, is but a type and sign
Of the waste in your heart, and of the eternal dying
Of all sweet hopes in mine!

☞ Fasting is, at times, the best medicine; the means of removing incipient disease, and restoring to the body its usual healthful sensations. Howard and Franklin often fasted one day in the week: and Bonaparte, when his system was unstrung, omitted his wonted meal, and took exercise on horseback, as his only remedies.

BONNETS.

Of all the charms dear woman wears,
Of all her many traps and snares,
For real effect there's naught compares
With a truly pretty bonnet;
For when or wherever you chance to meet
One that is perfectly modest and neat,
You may depend 'tis proof complete
That the head has more in than on it.

No matter whether she's pretty or not,
How much or how little money she's got,
Whether she live in a mansion or cot,
'Tis a fact, depend upon it;
The woman to make a man happy thro' life,
To make a model mother and wife,
Is one who, scorning the milliner's strife,
Wears a plain and tasteful bonnet.

Now a bonnet of genuine beauty and grace,
Worn on the head in its proper place,
Shadowing faintly the wearer's face,
Is a thing for a song or a sonnet;
But one of those gay and gaudy things,
Made up of rainbows and butterfly wings,
A mixture of flowers, ribbons, and strings,
Is dreadful, depend upon it

A vulgar mass of "fuss and feather,"
A little of everything thrown together,
As if by a touch of windy weather,
A wretched conglomeration—
A sort of cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to "go it bare,"
A striking example of "Nothing to Wear,"
Is this bonnet abomination.

It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in *catching* nothing but cold,
Is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck;
For look at her face, no bonnet is there,
See at the side it hangs by a hair;
View it behind, and you will declare
That the creature has broken her neck.

No matter where you may chance to be,
No matter how many women you see,
A promiscuous crowd or a certain she,
You may fully depend upon it
That a gem of the very rarest kind,
A thing most difficult to find,
A pet for which we long have pined,
Is a perfect "love of a bonnet"

HORSE TAMING.

FROM "THE LONDON FIELD."

We last week inserted a letter on the subject of horse taming, to which we added some remarks of our own, based upon a long practical acquaintance with the habits of the animal, and more especially with the vicious horse. These observations were also, to some extent, founded upon the assertions publicly as well as privately made, that Mr. Rarey had subdued Cruiser, Stafford, and other horses well known to be savage, by some means which he used on being admitted to them *in a loose box, and with the horse perfectly free.* This feat, if performed, we have more than once maintained was conclusive of the possession by Mr. Rarey of a power over the horse far superior to that previously possessed by our English breakers, and we unhesitatingly admitted, when we were informed of his success upon Cruiser, that he was deserving of full praise. But since our last impression was published, our attention has been drawn to the performances of another person, and having, on his assertion to the contrary, investigated the fact, we find that he is right in his statement, that Mr. Rarey first operated upon Cruiser *with a strong muzzle on him and in a loose box with a half door to it.* This robs the feat of nine-tenths of its originality and difficulty, and makes us doubt whether the enormous sums paid to the American have been fairly earned. At all events, it induced us to attach some credence to our informant (Mr. Darby, of Acton, near London,) who asserts that he has long practised the same method as that now taught at the price of ten guineas, but that he has never thought of making it public, since it was one of the means by which he has long gained his livelihood. Now, we do not of course indorse this statement, but leave it to be proved or disproved by evidence, which he says he is ready to bring forward; but we have addressed ourselves to the points of equality in power over the horse evinced by Mr. Darby as contrasted with Mr. Rarey, and the identity of the two systems.

Mr. Darby's statement is to the following effect—but we may premise that we have long known him by repute as possessing great power over the horse, and especially in making a good mouth, in which department he has been of great service to his brother, the well-known and extensive dealer. He says that he was at first led to believe that Mr. Rarey was able to do more than he could, but that latterly he has come to the conclusion that what the American teaches is identical with his own practice. Formerly he would have hesitated to show the plan because it was "a trick of his trade," but now, as it is taught to thousands, he does not care about it, and is willing to show it to any person capable of appreciating its merits, and solely for the honor of England and her horse-breakers. He asserts roundly, 1st, that the plan is that shown by Mr. Rarey; 2nd, that he can do as much as Mr. Rarey; and, 3rdly, that he will engage to tame any horse, however vicious, which may be brought to him, and in as short a time as Mr. Rarey. Of course, without knowing the American's secret we cannot maintain that Mr. Darby's is identical with it, nor can we tell that if it is the same, it has not been surreptitiously obtained from him; but we fully believe Mr. Darby to be a respectable man, and, though of course we do not pledge ourselves to the truth of all his statements, we have no hesitation in laying before the public the nature of his method, which he at once showed us, without any mystery, and unaccompanied by any attempt, as far as we can judge, to make money of the exhibition either directly or indirectly.

On Monday, the 31st of May, Mr. Darby produced a black three-year-old colt, which he told us had been in his care six days to break. He was led into the covered ride, with a large smooth snaffle on, and a common stirrup-leather was then passed twice round the bone between the two fetlock joints of the near fore leg, and next buckled tightly round the arm, so as to raise the fore leg. "Now, sir," he said, "this animal having been previously operated on and tamed, I can cast him directly; but I will show you how to operate on one as yet untamed"—and then he attached a common halter to the off fore leg in the same place by an ordinary slip-knot, and brought it up over his withers, holding it in his left hand, together with the bridle-rein. Then commenced the peculiarity of the process, and it is in this, we believe, that the whole secret lies. He says that if the animal is forced to lie down he is not subdued, but fights as badly as ever, and has a feeling of revenge developed which makes him worse; but, on the contrary, if he is placed in the above painful position, and tired down by gently moving him backwards on three legs, he will, in course of time, desire to lie down, and, if gratified in that wish, and if then his leg is released, instead of feeling inclined to fight he becomes tranquillised, *and at the same time admits the superior power of his master.* Mr. Darby maintains that there are several essentials to the success of the operation and several dangers to be avoided—1st. The horse must not be forced down by violence, but must be tired out till he has a strong desire to lie down. 2ndly. He must be kept quiet on the ground until the expression of the eye shows that he is tranquillised, which invariably takes place by patiently waiting and gently patting the horse. 3rdly. Care must be taken not to throw the horse upon his neck when bent, as it may easily be broken. 4thly. In backing him no violence must be used, or he may be forced on his haunches and his back broken. 5thly. The halter and off rein are held in the left hand, so as to keep the head away from the operator by the latter; while if the horse attempts to plunge the halter is drawn tight, when the off leg being raised, the animal is brought on his knees and rendered powerless for offensive purposes.

Such is Mr. Darby's system, which we afterwards saw carried out upon a vicious pony sent from Rugby as perfectly unmanageable, and which gave some trouble, but was soon overcome. A vicious ram was likewise subjected to the process, and after a severe struggle succumbed; indeed, we are told that all our domestic quadrupeds are capable of being thus subdued. We are certainly inclined to believe that there is a great probability that this plan is possessed of great merit, and that Mr. Darby is really capable of doing all which Mr. Rarey seems to have done. This, however, is easily settled by experiment; and if the two systems are different it is only necessary to decide which is the more meritorious, while if they are identical, the proof of a prior performance on his part rests with Mr. Darby. *That the method or methods are more curious than generally useful, we maintained last week, and now believe more fully, our opinion being formed partly from the assertions to that effect of many of those who have paid their ten guineas, and partly from the fact that horses which have been tamed completely for a time by the American plan as well as by that of Mr. Darby, become as savage as ever if subjected to ordinary treatment.* Mr. Darby holds that it is of some use in breaking colts, because it dispenses with the necessity for lunging them to the extent which is required by any other method, and by which they are wasted and injured both in constitution and legs; but for vicious horses the effect only continues so long as the animal is under the control of the operator himself, and is therefore of little value to most people.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," (Dr. Holmes), in the Atlantic Monthly, records as follows:—

The divinity-student wished to know what I thought of affinities, as well as of antipathies; did I believe in love at first sight?

Sir, said I, all men love all women. That is the *prima-facie* aspect of the case. The Court of Nature assumes the law to be, that all men do so; and the individual man is bound to show cause why he does not love any particular woman. A man, says one of my old black-letter law-books, may show divers good reasons, as thus: He hath not seen the person named in the indictment; she is of tender age, or the reverse of that; she hath certain personal disqualifications,—as, for instance, she is a blackamoor, or hath an ill-favored countenance; or, his capacity of loving being limited, his affections are engrossed by a previous comer; and so of other conditions. Not the less is it true that he is bound by duty and inclined by nature to love each and every woman. Therefore it is that each woman virtually summons every man to show cause why he doth not love her. This is not by written document, or direct speech, for the most part, but by certain signs of silk, gold, and other materials, which say to all men,—Look on me and love, as in duty bound. Then the man pleadeth his special incapacity, whatsoever that may be,—as, for instance, impecuniosity, or that he hath one or many wives in his household, or that he is of mean figure, or small capacity; of which reasons it may be noted, that the first is, according to late decisions, of chiefest authority. So far the old law-book. But there is a note from an older authority, saying that every woman doth also love each and every man, except there be some good reason to the contrary; and a very observing friend of mine, a young unmarried clergyman, tells me, that, so far as his experience goes, he has reason to think the ancient author had fact to justify his statement.

Pure Air.—It is not only necessary that men may have sufficient air to breathe, but it is necessary to *provide air for the apartment itself* in which they live, as well as for the men who inhabit it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon the men through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, their seats, their tables, beds and bed-clothes, the walls of the apartments; in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place become more or less impure, a harbor of *fomites*, a means of impregnating every cubic foot of air with poison, unless the whole apartment has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that everything animate and inanimate is freshened by a constant supply of pure air.—*Medical Times, May* 1, 1858.

HUSH!

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking"
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek
"It is only the children p'aying
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun"

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was on'y the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Once, during the preceding twelvemonth, my advance had been almost stopped. A solitary fact which I had once witnessed, recurring to my recollection, checked me for many a day. In common with, I suppose, almost everybody, I had often wondered where lay the difference between human and brute mind. The apparent identity had, in fact, been one of the strongholds of my skepticism. And when at length I had satisfied myself that I had met with all I was likely ever to meet with in elucidation of the difficulty, and found that the subject still remained as obscure and unsatisfactory as ever, that stronghold seemed to be fast proving itself to be impregnable. At last, as if to make it absolutely so, I was a spectator of the following incident: In travelling with a party on the mountains, an old dog belonging to a team going in the opposite direction, turned back with our dogs. Though hearty and strong of limb, he was almost toothless from habitual fighting; and day after day the other dogs took away from him almost every morsel we threw to him. In a few days the weather being very exhausting and our stages long ones, he was almost worn out and starved. One day we passed the fragments of a dead ox on the road-side. The flesh was all gone, but the hide dried hard as horn by the sun, lay all about in pieces larger and smaller, as it had been torn up by the bush dogs in getting at the flesh. The other dogs examined the bones and dry skin, and went on. But the old dog, after studying them for a few seconds, took a piece of the skin in his mouth and trotted off ahead. In the course of half a mile we came up to him. He was standing up to his breast in a water hole. We passed, supposing that he was merely cooling himself. But about a mile forward there was another water hole, and several others beyond it, again at various distances apart; and to our surprise, when we were about half way to the nearest of them, the old dog came trotting by again carrying his piece of oxhide in his mouth. He had been soaking it in the water hole where we passed him; and not wishing to be left behind altogether, was now going on with it to the next. At the next, accordingly, we found him again soaking it as before. And so he continued to proceed; always passing us at about half way, till the substance was sufficiently softened for him to swallow it. It was of no use to be blind to the fact that there was a complex intelligence in this operation amounting to precisely what man would have displayed in the same circumstances. The effects of intellect were there. How could I deny the cause. It is not because the effects of intelligence are manifest in the arrangement and motions of the heavenly orbs, that we demand to have admitted an intelligent First Cause? To argue, and not to argue consistently, is only to court delusion. If any person should say that it was an operation of mere instinct, then let that person show a difference between intellect and instinct. It is not desirable to have for one thing, two names supposed to signify different things. If there can be shown to be two things, let us keep the two names. If the two names after all indicate but the one thing, let us not vex our future researches by believing that there are two. For my own part I decided that the act was an act of intellect, perfectly corresponding so far as it went, to human intellect; and, further, that there is no such thing as instinct as contradisguished from intellect. It appeared to me that all the forms of instinct which we meet with are only so many modifications of intellect by the organization, position, and necessities of the animals in which they inhere.

The reader may perhaps think this an ill beginning of a demonstration of an essential diversity of the human and the brute mind. But, not so. If I had not followed the truth steadily and faithfully through its minor stages, I should not have found myself in its company at its paramount point. I was vexed and grieved at the condition into which the question seemed settling. My awakening confidence in man's immortality began to fail. The brute intellect was evidently less in amount than man's; but so also was one man's intellect less in amount than that of another. Where was the *essential* difference between the mind of man and the mind of the brute? The quantity was only an accident. I wanted a difference of essence. At length, I supposed I found it thus. The human mind is liable to moral regeneration: the brute mind is not. It is a fact too notorious to be denied that the human mind is often arrested in its tendency to evil and taken a contrary direction; that it is changed in its essential disposition, often in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye. Individuals whose subsequent conduct has proved them to be most trustworthy, have solemnly declared themselves to have experienced no less sudden and complete a change than that predicated. It has been known that the lawless savage, whose eye never before shed a tear, has been suddenly softened and would never afterwards lift his hand in violence against any man. The dishonest man has become an example of probity. The blasphemer wondering at himself has for ever sealed his lips against all profane adjuration and everything impious in sentiment. But this change was never known to take place in any brute mind. Something we know may be done with brutes by training; but what takes place in them is a different thing altogether from what takes place in man. In the one case it is a mere formal change in habits; in the other it is a change in that which causes the habits. In the case of the brute it extends no further than it is carried by the extrinsic cause; in the case of the man, the cause itself is intrinsic, and goes on to operate till his whole nature and all his acts are permeated by its control. The first token of this change in the man is described in a few words: "Behold, he prayeth." Where is the corresponding token in the brute?

Still we need *the reason* of the superiority of the change congenial to man over that liable to be produced in the brute. Let us examine the phenomena a little further. Phrenology—a science, to the extent of its main principles, now fully verified—supplies us with these important facts: that the cerebral organism of man and of the brutes is so far similar that just as they possess corresponding senses of seeing, hearing, &c., so they possess cerebral corresponding organs; that the corresponding organs in both have like relative positions; that one such is the organ of veneration; that in situation, this is the central organ, and in use should be the leader and director of all the rest; that a part of its office moreover is that of facilitating coincidence with the will of a superior. And now there seem to be truths accumulated which, synthetically arranged, complete the explication of the case. The human race having no superior in the system of sensible and material being is necessitated to seek its object of veneration in another, a supersensible world. The animal races, having their superior in man, are under no such law. On the contrary, their veneration is attracted, and their minds intercepted by the Earthly Lord. Thus confined to this material system in life they go not beyond it at death. But man whose superior is not a material and visible being, but the Great Spirit, hath not fully developed the capacities of his nature till he reaches the immaterial world, where that Spirit dwells. Thither, therefore, he has to go. And thus the change we have taken notice of in the man, is just so much greater and higher than the change effected in the brute, as God, the object of man's veneration, is greater than man, the object of the brute's veneration. By a necessity in the nature of things, as soon as "God breathed into the *nostrils* of man the breath of life"—the ordinary breath, he became a LIVING SOUL. Nor can there be any difficulty in admitting the belief, that he who designedly made this arrangement at the creation, also immediately thereafter so manifested himself to man as at once to satisfy his supreme organ, (Veneration.) Neither, being so well aware as we are of the way in which mental and moral attributes are transmitted to the offspring from the parents from one generation to another, does it seem unreasonable that the effect on the human mind at large, of this sublime revelation to the first of the race, of the All in All—the Ens Entium—the Essential Existence—would be to advance man's intellect through all future ages into REASON—intellect essentially disposed, so as from the very nature and arrangement of things the brute's could not be, to apprehend the being of a God and man's immortality.

If these views are correct, what is ordinarily called instinct, is properly intellect, understanding. What less than understanding did the dog exhibit whose proceedings I have described? But in man, this intellect assumes an essentially higher form; Reason. The objection is to the derogation of the brute faculty into a blind, unintelligent law; whereas it is a conscious intelligent faculty; so far as it goes, precisely like something in ourselves, and entitled to establish extensive sympathies with us. These animals have the same physical senses with ourselves; why should not their brain be in a high degree the seat of a parallel intelligence. To attribute a superior quality to the thing created is surely to enhance the glory of the Creator. Again: could anything contribute more to give a deeply affecting and solemn character to the institution of sacrifices? And again: who will venture to say that the use made of the animals in the establishment of the Moral Law, and the exposition of the Divine Character was an after thought, and not the great motive for their introduction into the project of creation?

In the foregoing suggestions I have introduced some things which did not occur to me originally. I merely saw where the difference between human and brute mind lay. I discerned enough to remove the stumblingblock out of my way. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH.—In his delightful sketch of his Early Life, Southey has concluded some remarks on his first conceptions of death with this reflection: "Nature is merciful to us. We learn gradually that we are to die—a knowledge which, if it came suddenly upon us in riper age, would be more than the mind could endure. We are gradually prepared for our departure by seeing the objects of our earliest and deepest affections go before us; and even if no keener afflictions wean us from this world, and remove our tenderest thoughts and dearest hopes to another, mere age, brings with it a weariness of life, and death becomes to the old as natural and desirable as sleep to a tired child."

☞ The following is one of Punch's latest severities: "Trafalgar Square now contains the statues of two Generals—Sir Charles Napier and Dr. Jenner. The former was a General Officer; the latter a General Benefactor."

THE EARTH AND MOON.

(CONCLUDED.)

The aspect of the earth beheld from the moon, always gorgeous, is never the same. Before it floats a flickering drapery adorned with moveable ever-changing spots, which are continually disappearing, to give place to others of fresh form and pattern. Cloudy belts are drawn in certain directions by the agency of monsoons and trade winds. Stripes diverging in other directions are the traces of the polar gales, which rush towards the temperate zones, sweeping the heaving masses of mist and vapor before them. The freaks and violence of the untamed winds give to our planet a more singular and changeable aspect than that of Jupiter as we behold him striped across with transverse bands or belts. In consequence of these continual alterations of the outer veil, it rarely is possible to catch a complete view of the configuration of our continents or of the exact limits of our wide-spread oceans. Lunar students of terrestrial geography, unable ever to obtain at once an entire view of either of our hemispheres, might nevertheless construct an accurate map by noting down the details of various countries as they presented themselves from time to time, and then combining the fragments into a whole. It would simply be an exercise of the same mental powers which a child exerts when he fits together his puzzle map of England, finding its proper place for every one of the countries which have been mingled pell-mell in the box. Selenite members of the Geographical Society enjoy the great advantage of having a full view of localities which are all but inaccessible to us. They are able to inspect Central Africa with less fatigue than Doctor Livingstone, and they can form an idea of what the North Pole is like, without sharing the sad fate of Franklin.

But while the outlines of the earth's disc are vague and difficult to determine, her coloring is decided and strongly contrasted. At each pole of the shining planet is a vast white spot which offers a singular phenomenon. Although perpetually there, and never effaced, they periodically vary in size, re-assuming their original appearance, after the completion of the three hundred and sixty-five revolutions on its axis, which constitute the terrestrial year. In proportion as the white spot on one pole diminishes, that of the opposite pole increases; it is as if one of the rival powers reconquered a portion of ground exactly equal to that lost by the other, so that they advance and retreat reciprocally, maintaining, on the whole, between the two, an equal amount of territory. Nevertheless, the northern white spot is always considerably smaller than the southern. To Selenites, who have no notion or knowledge of water and ice, the variations of these two white spots must remain an impenetrable mystery. We, who observe the same phenomenon in the planet Mars, can easily account for it.

In short, the earth's complexion is brilliant, coming and going as her sentiments, her passions, and the state of her health vary. She turns brightly pale when and where it is winter, and blushes tenderly green under the influence of spring. The divers colors of the different parts of our globe change, like the hues of a magic lantern, according as they are reflected from an arctic circle or a torrid zone, a continent or a sea, a sandy desert or a leafy forest, a mountain or a plain, and even from an Old World or a New. The regular return once in every four-and-twenty hours, of these richly-tinted spots, to the same position, demonstrates at once to moonite philosophers what has given men so much trouble to establish, the fact of the earth's revolution on her axis. It does more; it provides sojourners on the moon with the most magnificent clock that was ever imagined. It is gigantic, permanent, and keeps perfect time; it never stops, and never requires winding up. The rotation of the earth in four-and-twenty hours replaces the hand which travels round the dial plate. Every fixed spot, situated at a different terrestrial longitude, is a number which marks the hours and the minutes, as it passes over this or that lunar meridian. The spots which at any given moment make their appearance at the edge of the earth's disc, will be situated, six hours afterwards, exactly on the straight line which passes from pole to pole, through the centre of the disc; and six hours afterwards they will have reached the opposite edge of the disc, and will then immediately disappear. Every spot takes exactly four-and-twenty hours to return to the lunar meridian which it has passed. In order to ascertain the hour and its divisions by looking at this admirable clock-face, all that is required is to know the time it takes for the different spots to pass from one meridian to another. The appearance of a spot, as well as its disappearance, also suffice to tell what o'clock—or rather, what on earth—it is. A visitor to the moon would reckon the hour of the day by watching the passage of the earth's spots over the lunar meridian, by exactly the same method as he employs at home, when he lays down the rule that fifteen degrees to the east is an hour later, and fifteen degrees to the west an hour earlier than at the place where he happens to be. Thus, when it is noon on the meridian of Paris, it is one o'clock on that of Upsal, and two o'clock on that of Suez.

Unfortunately for residents on the moon, the earth is visible from only one of its (the moon's) hemispheres. That hemisphere is specially privileged; it knows no real night. When sun-shine fails, the earth-shine supplies its place with a light equal to thirteen times that of our full moon-light when the sky is at its clearest. And the earth benevolently beams not light only, but also warmth. It has at least been ascertained beyond doubt that the rays of the moon do transmit a feeble but observable amount of heat; the larger and hotter mass of the earth must dart on the moon considerably more than thirteen times the heat reflected from our satellite under the most favorable circumstances. Moonites, then, might well be excused for worshipping the earth in the amplitude of her splendor. Those who dwelt on the hemisphere whereon their queen-like planet is invisible, might be supposed to perform pilgrimages, at least once in their lives, to adore so magnificent a luminary. The journey, after all, is of no extraordinary length from the most distant central point—nine hundred miles; not nearly so great as faithful Musulmen undertake, from the extremities of Asia or Africa, to visit Mecca, where they are rewarded by the sight of a big black stone of (it is said) no remarkable pretensions to beauty.

But the resplendent, open-countenanced earth, who shines so benignantly on the pallid moon, still shines in vain, as far as the moon is concerned; because here is the pallor of inanimation. The illuminator and the illuminated are separated by the width of the fathomless gulf which forms the boundary between life and death. Now that the equilibrium of heat is established throughout our satellite, her whole mass remains inert and motionless; she is a mummified corpse; whereas the earth is still lively and vigorous. In her time, she has proved herself even dangerously energetic, and may so prove herself again. We are treading on very tender ground when we walk over her surface; as will be clear if we believe her interior to consist of a spheroidal mass in a state of igneous fusion, whose diameter equals one hundred and twenty-five times the thickness of her solid crust. Certainly, it is within the bounds of truth to say, that the earth's shell offers, in strict proportion, no more resistance than that of an egg. All the phenomena of past ages, as well as all the phenomena occurring in our own times—that is to say, the whole force of analogy—are opposed to the opinion that the actual surface of our globe is in a state of perpetual stability. The earthquakes which swallow up villages and towns, and the torrents of lava which boil from the lips of volcanoes, to spread themselves over the calcined fields, inculcate a very different idea. With the future fate of the crust of the earth is involved the fate of the races of animals sustained by it. We may live, therefore, mentally secure and confident; but we must not forget that we are not in perfect and certain security, and that a new satellite may one day be shot out into space from the entrails of the earth, and may destroy, in one single instant, by that convulsion, the whole audacious race of Japhet.

Is it possible to calculate the epoch of any new break-up of the present state of things? And can we guess in what way it is likely to take place? To the first question, a negative reply must be given. We cannot predict its date. It would require a multitude of new geological observations and discoveries to resolve the problem in a manner at all approaching to be satisfactory. Meanwhile, it must be allowed that the awful phenomenon may take place to-morrow, as likely as a thousand, or a hundred thousand years hence. The second inquiry may be answered, by the help of analogy, with considerable probability of being approximately true. The animals at present existing on the earth may disappear, in consequence of the action of subterranean fire. The burning spheroid, which constitutes the major portion of our globe, might explode and shoot out a second satellite into empty space, without the solar system's suffering thereby the slightest momentary disturbance; but not without the earth's receiving a terrible shock, which would reduce every town, and every human edifice, to dust; which would utterly destroy mankind by the outbreak of internal fire, by the crash of ruins, or by the overwhelming sweep of outpoured oceans. Either the concussion might be sufficiently violent to break up the earth into fragments and to give birth to new telescopic planets, like Juno, Vesta, and the rest of them; or, she might resist the violence of the blow, and our spheroid might melt and then solidify against the shell at present existing. In that case, its centre of gravity would be invariable, and the earth would probably have a rotatory movement round the sun, similar to that of her satellite round herself; namely, an endless summer and an endless day would fall to the share of one hemisphere, while eternal night and winter would envelope the other hemisphere in ever-enduring shade. But in whichever way this fearful catastrophe took place, its necessary consequence would be the total extinction of every existing race of animals. Would other races succeed to them? And would the human race, in particular, be replaced by another set of rational beings less imperfect than our own? Analogy answers, Yes! but the Great Ruler of the universe alone can tell whether analogy suggests a true or a false belief.

Very many learned men have made themselves perfectly easy respecting the future condition of the earth. Its present state, they take for granted, will henceforth remain invariable; the grand cataclysms, which have broken it up at former epochs, will never occur again, and human intelligence has nothing to do but to develope itself regardless of the future; for what the earth is to-day, it will remain forever. Such an opinion of the stability of the actual order of earthly things is doubtless consolatory, and is well adapted to tranquillize our minds respecting the lot of future generations; but the optimists must allow others to differ from their views. It is scarcely a logical conclusion to deduce future tranquillity from repeated antecedent convulsions; and therefore Monsieur A. Passy, in his "Geological Description of the Department of the Seine Inférieure," is justified in asserting, that the causes which produced the first crust of the earth, and which have repeatedly broken up its second envelope, although restrained in their action, are nevertheless far from being exhausted. And Monsieur Elie de Beaumont states his belief, that it is impossible to be assured that the period of tranquillity, apparently so stable, in which we live, will not one day be interrupted by the sudden apparition of a grand chain of mountains; another savant ventures to add, and by the birth of one or several satellites. And thus, the boldest deductions of modern science accord with the declarations of Holy Writ, that the earth shall one day melt with fervent heat, and that there shall be new heavens, and a new earth.

☞ Bacon says beautifully, "He that robs in darkness breaks God's lock."

Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.—*Pope.*

A GOOD WORD FOR RATS.

Is there nothing to be said in favor of the abhorred and noxious rat? Mr. Buckland, who is by no means one who looks on "the night side of nature," but has both the heart and the head to love and see beauty in even the meanest of God's creatures, proves that there is much:

"The rat is one of the most despised and tormented of created animals; he has many enemies and very few friends; wherever he appears his life is in danger from men, dogs, cats, owls, &c., who will have no mercy on him. These perpetual persecutions oblige him to be wary in his movements, and call for a large amount of cunning and sagacity on his part, which give his little sharp face a peculiarly knowing and wide-awake appearance, which the most superficial observer must have noticed. Though, poor creature, he is hated and killed by man, his sworn foe, yet he is to that same ungrateful race a most useful servant, in the humble capacity of scavenger; for, wherever man settles his habitation, even in the most remote parts of the earth, there, as if by magic, appear our friends the rats. There were thousands of rats in the camp before Sebastopol; and a rat-hunt in the trenches was not an uncommon occurrence. Again they swarm at the camp at Aldershot: the sentries see them at night going to the nearest water to drink. The rat quietly takes possession of the out-houses, drains, &c., and occupies himself by devouring the refuse and filth thrown away from the dwelling of his master (under whose floor, as well as roof, he lives.) This refuse, if left to decay, would engender fever, malaria, and all kinds of horrors, to the destruction of the children of the family, were it not for the unremitting exertions of the rats to get rid of it, in a way no doubt agreeable to themselves, namely, by eating it. Let us take an example. The sewers adjoining a connected series of slaughter-houses as Newgate-market, Whitechapel, Clare-market, &c., are often nearly choked up with offal and the foul refuse of animal matter, swept into them by the careless butchers. It may be imagined what fearful maladies would arise from this putrid mass if it were allowed to stay there neglected. How is this evil result prevented? Why, by the poor, persecuted rats, who live there in swarms, and devour every morsel of concentrated cholera as it comes down to them, profiting, thereby, themselves and the inhabitants of the houses who reside above their haunts."

The late Professor Coleman remarked that a rat was the only animal who would thrive, and always have a clean coat, living, at the same time, in the most filthy and stinking places. And he was right; for a rat will live in air that would be fatal to any other animal. Hence, too, we see why the rat is always cleaning himself. Never does a rat finish a bit of food, or is touched by human hand, but that he cleans himself immediately afterwards.

From the accusation of inflicting poisonous bites Mr. Buckland successfully defends the poor rat.

"It is certainly not the case, as has been stated elsewhere, 'that the garbage on which rats live poisons their teeth and renders the wounds they make deadly.' A rat, though living in and among garbage, is always clean in its person, and his teeth are always beautifully clean. The yellow-looking substance on the front part of the tooth is its natural color, and not the result of the accumulation of tartar.

"When the house-surgeon at St. George's Hospital I had to attend several cases of rat bites. The result of my experience is, that a person with a good constitution will easily recover without any severe symptoms from the bite, which is a pure, punctured, clean-cut wound; but a person who has not healing power in him *might* suffer severely. If a dray-man who is full of beer, or a highly fed and pampered gentleman's servant—representatives of the two most "unhealing" classes I know—were bitten by a rat, it would go hard with them, and they might lose their lives. I would, myself, much rather be bitten ten times by a rat than once by a man or a horse. I have seen severe consequences from the former accident; and, but lately, a slave-owner in America hit his slave in the mouth, and the teeth made a severe wound, which ultimately proved fatal.

"The rat is a most strict observer of the law 'Be fruitful and multiply;' for Madame la Ratte is generally in an interesting condition thrice a year, and on these occasions she does not look forward to nursing one helpless little individual, but thirteen or fifteen small unfortunates. I have had practical demonstration of the aptness of this family for propagating its species. In cleaning out the cage containing a little happy family of five rats, of variegated colors—all of which are perfectly tame, and live in peace and harmony—I felt something among the hay, warm and soft. On taking it carefully out, it proved to be a little tiny rat, hairless and eyeless, but nevertheless endowed, like a biped baby, with the full and audible use of its infant lungs. On hearing its cries, the mother—a beautiful snow-white rat, upon whose head maternal cares were pressing at the early age of eight weeks—rushed forward, and, seizing her screaming infant between her teeth, hastily ran off with it. Upon further examination, ten other young innocents were found carefully packed up in the corner of a cigar-box, which had been placed in the cage for the use of the colony in general, but which had been kindly vacated by the other considerate rats in favor of the lady who was literally in the straw. The owner is happy to announce that the mother and her little family are all doing well. Such, indeed, is the amazing fecundity of this animal, that they would soon overrun the whole country, and render all our attempts to destroy them fruitless, had they no enemies to lessen their numbers. But this baneful increase is happily counteracted, not only by numerous foes among other animals, but by their destroying and eating each other. The same insatiable appetite that impels them to indiscriminate carnage also incites the strongest to devour the weakest, even of their own kind; and a large male rat is as much dreaded by its own species, as the most formidable enemy."

Mr. Shaw, of rat-catching notoriety, informs us, in a little book on the rat, that "his little dog Tiny, under six pounds weight, has destroyed two thousand five hundred and twenty-five rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the end of three years, have produced one thousand six hundred and thirty-three millions one hundred and ninety thousand two hundred living rats!"

THE BLOOD.

It is a natural question, and often asked, but difficult to answer, What *quantity* of blood circulates every minute in our bodies? The many estimates which have been made need not here be given; only those of Lehmann, Weber, and Bischoff now command general attention. Lehmann says that his friend Weber aided him in determining the quantity of blood in two decapitated criminals. The weight of the whole blood was to that of the body nearly in the ratio of 1 to 8. It is obvious from the account of the experiment that only an approximation could be arrived at. And Bischoff's more recent investigations on the body of a criminal, carefully weighed before and after decapitation, lead to the conclusion that the blood amounted to 9¼ lbs., or *exactly one-fourteenth of the whole body.* This nearly corresponds with his former investigations, which gave the weight as one-thirteenth of the whole body. If we say ten pounds for an adult healthy man, we shall probably be as near the mark as possible. The quantity, however, necessarily varies in different persons, and seems from some calculations to be greater in women than in men. In the seal its quantity is enormous, surpassing that of all other animals, man included.

In former days, blood-letting was one of the "heroic arms" of medical practice: and it is sometimes almost appalling to read of the exploits of practitioners. Haller mentions the case of a hysterical woman who was bled one thousand and twenty times in the space of nineteen years; and a girl at Pisa is said to have been bled once a day, or once every other day, during several years. A third case he mentions of a young man who lost seventy-five pounds of blood in ten days; so that if we reckon ten pounds as the utmost which the body contains at any given period, it is clear that this young man's loss must have been repaired almost immediately. In truth, the blood is incessantly being abstracted and replaced during the ordinary processes of life. Were it not continually renewed, it would soon vanish altogether, like water disappearing in sand. The hungry tissues momently snatch at its materials as it hurries through them, and the active absorbents momently pour fresh materials into it.

In contemplating the loss of blood from wounds or hæmorrhage, and in noting how the vital powers ebb as the blood flows out, we are naturally led to ask whether the peril may not be avoided by pouring in fresh blood. The idea of *transfusion* is indeed very ancient. But the ancients, in spite of their facile credulity as to the effect of any physiological experiments, were in no condition to make the experiment. They were too unacquainted with physiology, and with the art of experiment, to know how to set about transfusion. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century had a preparation been made for such a trial. The experiments of Boyle, Graaf, and Francassati, on the injection of various substances into the veins of animals, were crowned by those of Lower, who, in 1665, injected blood into the veins of a dog. Two years later a bolder attempt was made on man. A French mathematician, Denis, assisted by a surgeon, having repeated with success the experiments of Lower, resolved to extend the new idea. It was difficult to get a human patient on whom the plan could be tried; but one evening a madman arrived in Paris quite naked, and he was daringly seized by Denis as the fitting subject for the new experiment. Eight ounces of calf's blood were transfused into his veins. That night he slept well. The experiment was repeated on the succeeding day; he slept quietly, and awoke sane!

Great was the sensation produced by this success. Lower and King were emboldened to repeat it in London. They found a healthy man willing to have some blood drawn from him, and replaced by that of a sheep. He felt the warm stream pouring in, and declared it was so pleasant that they might repeat the experiment. The tidings flew over Europe. In Italy and Germany the plan was repeated, and it now seemed as if transfusion would become once more one of the "heroic arms" of medicine. These hopes were soon dashed. The patient on whom Denis had operated again went mad, was again treated with transfusion, and died during the operation. The son of the Swedish minister, who had been benefited by one transfusion, perished after a second. A third death was assigned to a similar cause; and in April 1668 the Parliament of Paris made it criminal to attempt transfusion, except with the consent of the Faculty of Paris. Thus the whole thing fell into discredit, to be revived again in our own day, and to be placed at last on a scientific basis.

It will immediately occur to the physiologist who reads the accounts of these experiments, that transfusion was effected on the supposition that the blood of all quadrupeds was the same, and that it was indifferent whether a man received the blood of another man, or of a sheep or calf. This supposition was altogether erroneous. The more rigorous investigations of the moderns have established that only the blood of animals of the same species can be transfused in large quantities without fatal results. The blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog; the blood of a sheep is poison in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting ass. From this it follows, that when transfusion is practised on human beings, human blood must be employed; and so employed, the practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy. Blundell has the glory of having revived and vindicated this practice, and he has seen his idea amply confirmed. Bérard cites fifteen distinct cases of hæmorrhage in which transfusion has saved life.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men ever met in society. One day he met Sydney Smith in the street and invited him to meet himself. "Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." He admitted the temptation held out to him, but said he was engaged to meet him elsewhere.

LATE FROM UTAH.

THE TROOPS ABOUT TO MARCH TO SALT LAKE CITY.—DOCUMENTS. COURSE OF THE MORMONS, &c.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The Government has recived a letter from Major Ben McCullough, one of the Peace Commissioners, dated Camp Scott, in which he states his belief that one of the reasons why the Mormons deserted their habitations was, to guard their women from the apprehended excessive gallantry of our soldiers. Besides, the leaders resorted to this Exodus to keep the people together, and prevent the disaffected Saints from throwing themselves on the army for protection. The Mormons do not believe that the army has orders or authority to pursue them, and hence they congratulate themselves that they are out of harms way from that source.

Major McCullough says that a small force of Mormons are still in Salt Lake City, ready to fire it, perhaps, in the event of the approach of the army. He thinks that a great mistake was committed in permitting the Mormons to gather their crops, as this, while it strengthened them, diminished relatively the powers of the military forces. It is still reported that the Mormons are going to Sonora, but upon this full reliance cannot be placed. The belief is that the place of refuge has long ago been selected.

Colonel McCullough and the other Peace Commissioner, Governor Powell, were going at once to Salt Lake City, but not with the army. Their powers are superior to either those of Governor Cumming or General Johnson.

ST. JOSEPH, June 28, via Boonville, July 2, per U. S. Express.—The Salt Lake mail arrived to-day, bringing dates from Salt Lake City to the 12th of June. Gen. Johnston was to start for Salt Lake City on the 13th, with 3,000 in column. The army will enter the Valley via Soda Springs and Bear River.

Col. Hoffman had arrived at Camp Scott. His men and officers were in fine health and spirits.

Captain Marcy's command had arrived from New Mexico, with 1,500 mules.

Col. Hartwell, the Secretary of the Territory, left Camp Scott on the 10th inst. for Salt Lake City.

There was quite a diversity of opinion at Camp Scott as to what course the Mormons would pursue in regard to allowing the troops to enter the valley.

The mail party passed about three hundred Mormons, with horses and mules, well armed, but they would give no information where they were going or what they intended doing.

Fifty Mormons had escaped from the Valley, but were met at Platte Bridge, wending their way towards the States.

Twelve companies of cavalry or dragoons were met near Fort Laramie.

The mail party passed Gen. Harney and Col. May's command, encamped on the Pawnee Forks of the Little Blue.

A large number of troops were encamped on the Big Blue.

Col. Morrison and his command were on the Little Blue.

The mail party met supply trains between the fourth and fifth crossing of the Sweetwater river.

Col. Landers was at the South Pass, and was on the eve of starting on an exploration for a wagon road from that place to Fort Hall.

The report that the Mormons had removed their families to Provo city is confirmed. It is not known whether Brigham Young accompanied them or remained in the city.

The Mormons have not gone either to Sonora or to the Russian possessions, as anticipated by the authorities at Washington, but would do so next spring, if any but Mormons were placed there to govern them.

A great many deserters from the army were met on the route hither. The streams were all high and rising.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF THE MORMON EXODUS.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Camp Scott under date of June 5th, communicates the following interesting incidents:—

One encampment of Mormon emigrants broke up several days ago, and most of the company have proceeded upon their journey towards the east, although several of the most enterprising and intelligent of them have determined to remain here and return to the city under the protection of the army.

Among the latter are Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, formerly of England. Mrs. S. is the daughter of Mr. Redding, the English author, and a lady of education and refinement. Becoming a convert to Mormonism, she abandoned her home and country, and went to Salt Lake, full of faith that it was the true believer's Mecca. Upon her arrival, Heber C. Kimball, Young, and others of the heads of the church endeavored, without success, to add her to their stock of spirituals.

By dint of care and determination, she escaped their pointing hands, and finally married Mr. Sutherland, an humble but more honest man, who was content to live with one wife at a time. They both profess to have renounced Mormonism, having tasted deeply of its fruits. Mrs. S. says it was Mrs. Cobb, formerly of Massachusetts, who, when Gov. Cumming addressed the people in the Tabernacle, arose and said that, so far as she knew, there was no suffering among the sisters, but all were satisfied with their condition and prospects. This statement, coming from a lady of Mrs. Cobb's intelligence and education, was peculiarly shocking to Mrs. S., who says that Mrs. C. could not be ignorant of the utter falsity of her own assertion. She states that Mrs. C. is an infatuated enthusiast.

Another of the Mormon emigrants now here is Mrs. Landon, whose husband so miraculously escaped Danite vengeance a few months ago, by jumping, half clad, from a back window of his dwelling in the night time, and concealing himself among friends until he found means of getting to California. We have also here a family by the name of Yancey, who emigrated to this valley several years ago, from southern Illinois, although originally from middle Tennessee.

Old Hiram Yancey, the father of the family, before he became a convert to Mormonism, was a Campbellite Baptist preacher. It was his desire to go to California, but that Brigham would not permit, and he was compelled to come out in this direction, Gov. Cumming's power being quite insufficient to open the road towards the Pacific. Mr. Hiram Yancey has a son with him who left behind his wife and child.

His wife—the daughter of a Mormon standing high in the councils of the church—parted from her young husband with bitter tears; but she was assured that the only hope of salvation for herself or him lay in crucifying the holiest affections and clinging to the church, which bade her renounce the father of her child. Overcome by such arguments as these, which to her beclouded mind seemed the voice of inspiration, she bade him adieu, and passed on the weary journey to the southward. Mr. Yancey expresses the hope that when the scales shall have fallen from her eyes, he will be able to reclaim mother and child—a consummation to which he seems to look forward with lively anticipations.

As a specimen of the discipline by which the church keeps its members in slaving subjection, the elder Mr. Yancey cites a sermon which he heard preached by Brigham last Spring, wherein he told the Bishops that they must take in hand the apostates and those who desire to leave the valley for California, and put them to work. If that did not make them quiet and contented, he directed them to put judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet—a phrase well understood to authorize the assassination of the offenders—to "save" them from spiritual death.

Opinions among breeding Mormons and others who have recently arrived from the valley, differ widely as to the probable course which Brigham will take. It is rumored, upon apparently good authority, that a committee of "Saints," recently returned from an examination of Sonora, and the road thereto, report that it is inexpedient, at least at present, for the people to attempt to proceed thither. An old mountaineer is now in camp, who left the valley a fortnight ago, having been living all winter with the Quartermaster of the Mormon army. His name is pronounced Reseese, but how spelled I would not undertake to say. He is a man of much experience in this region, and of sound practical judgment. His opinion is that the Mormons never have intended to move more than one or two hundred miles below Great Salt Lake City, unless pressed too closely by the officers of justice, when, with a small and chosen band, they would take refuge in the mountains. He says that their means of transportation are totally inadequate to a general movement of the people on a long journey, and gives a touching picture of the distress of many of the people for want of sufficient clothing—the war having driven away all the merchants, and prevented the importation into the territory of the needed supplies of clothing fabrics.

Ben Simons, the Delaware Indian, who brings in occasional cargoes of butter, cheese and eggs from Salt Lake, arrived a day or two since. He is very shrewd and intelligent, and being neutral in the contest, may be relied upon. He does not think the Mormons contemplate distant emigration, at present. He states that the Mormon troops are all disbanding, and returning to their homes. Reseese fully confirms the views of Mormon resources for war given by Mr. Loba, as set forth in my letter from Leavenworth City, of the 19th of April last. He says they are without arms for a fourth of their able-bodied men, and utterly devoid of military skill. The "special revelation" which Mr. Loba predicted for Brigham seems to have arrived, for I am told that not long since he told the people that it was revealed to him from on high that they had not been sufficiently faithful to entitle them to fight the battles of the Lord. It may be stated, as another evidence of the Prophet's shrewdness and cunning, that he originally ordered his followers to shed no blood in this contest, but to harass the gentiles by capturing their supplies and stampeding their animals. This policy was adopted doubtless in the anticipation that it would leave the road open wider for escape through leniency, in the event that the United States should not be out-bragged in the game which Brigham opened, and has played so long and so ably.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN ENGLAND.—A great hue and cry has been raised in London at the discovery that a curate in the aristocratic quarter of the city, known as Belgravia, had established a confessional box in his church, after the manner of the Roman church, and that several ladies in the church had assisted the curate in supplying sitters in the confessional. Great indignation among the male inhabitants of the quarter was at once manifested. The noble lords and high dignitaries, as well as the community, were at once in arms at the outrage. They would not tolerate for a moment the idea that their wives and daughters and sisters should recite and confess all their peccadillos to the priest, and a committee instantly waited upon the Bishop of London to inquire into the matter, while at the same time a public indignation meeting was called.

This meeting, which was ostensibly called for the purpose of hearing disclosures in connection with the alleged confessional in the parish of St. Barnabas, was held on the 11th inst., at St. James's Hall, Picadilly. The placard convening the meeting announced that, in consequence of the nature of the disclosures which will be made, gentlemen only are requested to attend.

At the hour designated, a crowded assembly was present. Lord Calthorpe was made President, and Lord Shaftesbury, Earl Shrewsbury, and many members of Parliament, and a number of clergymen were present.

The proceedings of the meeting are given as follows:

"The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Baring read the evidence which had been laid before the Bishop of London. Mr. Baring said it had been charged against him that the case rested upon the evidence of two profligate women, but the fact was that these women had not come to him. He sought them out, and he went three times to them before he could get them to say a single word. The Bishop caused the evidence to be sifted and tested by a legal gentleman, and the result of that investigation, so far from weakening the case, added to its objectionable features by being confirmed and enlarged by three other female witnesses.

The Bishop then caused the curate immediately implicated by the disclosures to be first suspended, and then, failing any defence, to be dismissed from the curacy. It was deeply to be regretted that several ladies in the parish had assisted the curate in supplying the confessional. The Hon. and the Rev. Mr. Liddle, the curate superior, wished it to be believed that in these cases the curate had been carried away by zeal and enthusiasm for the church, but the truth was there were several cases implicating Mr. Liddle himself and his other curates. A vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Baring for the course he had adopted, and three cheers were given for Lord Calthorpe when the meeting separated. It was stated by gentlemen concerned in convening the meeting that there were present 230 members of Parliament, including nearly 60 Peers. The name of the curate whose license was revoked is understood to be the Rev. Arthur Poole.

A FLYING MACHINE.—Lord Carlingford, who has for a number of years been engaged in constructing a flying machine, has announced the success of his undertaking in a letter to The Kilkenny Moderator, in which he says:—

"Although I have not yet taken flight in the achredon—which name I have given to my aerial chariot—I may with confidence and truth announce to you and the world the success of its principle from the results I obtained by an experiment three days ago. Having made some little improvement in the plan of starting the achredon, which consisted in applying a crook to the top of it, and then hooking it to a cord supported between two poles, in the manner of a swing, and having raised it about two feet from the ground, and then drawing it back about two yards and giving it a slight pull forward, it started off, then elevated itself a little in the air, and after going a short distance alighted in the most gentle manner. It acted in this way in consequence of the tail not having been fastened down. By this experiment it must be considered that the principle is fully established, as well as the perfect manner of starting it. When I have made a few more experiments and found out the weight the present extent of wing will be able to bear, and if found sufficient to carry a person without being put to any great speed, which I consider most likely to be the test, it shall be taken to Dublin without delay, and there exhibited for charitable purposes and to the criticism of all.

THE CROPS.—Since the advent of the present clear, warm weather, the prospects for good crops all over the country have greatly improved. At the South the harvest is now fully under way in many places. In most of the States the wheat crop is an excellent one. In Kentucky, the oat crop is a failure, and the wheat crop short of an average. Corn looks well. The Virginia tobacco crop will be large. The accounts relative to the cotton crop are contradictory. The Savannah Republican of Friday says the prospects generally are unfavorable. On the other hand the Charleston Courier of Saturday remarks that "all our advices from our own and neighboring States give assurances of a large cotton crop for the present season."

MR. RAREY AND THE ZEBRA.

From the London Daily News, June 18.

After a successful tour in the north, Mr. Rarey has again returned to London, and yesterday received an exceedingly numerous circle of his pupils and admirers in the Riding house, Kinnerton street. If the popularity of the great horse-tamer go on at the present rate he will soon have to enlarge his arena, as it was with great difficulty that even standing room was found during yesterday's lecture. The ladies mustered exceedingly strong, not only filling the quarter specially allotted to them, but overflowing into the other portions of the theatre, and, all through the long lesson, paying the most marked attention to the lecture. Whether it was the admiration which the fair sex are known to feel for that noble animal the horse, or some vague notion that the system might be applied to domestic purposes, that brought the ladies in such crowds to witness Mr. Rarey's mode of subjugation we cannot tell, but certain it is that they formed a clear moiety of the audience, and did not lose a single one of the interesting and characteristic remarks of the lecturer. That the system is rapidly gaining ground with the public was evidenced by the fact that numbers of gentlemen were present from the provinces and even from Ireland, who had made the journey to London for the express purpose of attending yesterday's lesson. Of course no Rarey operations would be complete without Cruiser being present to assist, and accordingly Cruiser was introduced at the commencement of the proceedings, and made his bow to the audience with the docile politeness of a pupil who had nearly finished his education. He was very much improved in condition, his form being as round as a barrel, his eye gleaming with a tranquil, Christian brightness, instead of the malignant flash with which he was wont to extinguish grooms and horse-boys; and his coat exhibited a gloss, which showed that all his old prejudices against the solicitations of the currycomb had been completely removed. In short, Cruiser is now a peaceful, useful, tractable member of society. He might be warranted to carry a bishop without risk to the interests of the church, and if he could possibly be harnessed to a perambulator there would be less chance of accident at the sudden appearance of a red coat than sometimes happens with the present means of propulsion. Cruiser is now nearly as thoroughly Rarey as Rarey himself, and may open a school of his own as soon as he likes.

When Cruiser had retired, his place was taken by our friend the zebra—no longer the fierce untameable animal of the first lesson, making frantic attempts to crunch his immense wooden bit, screaming like a superannuated soprano, or flinging his heels wildly about, as if he thought the air was filled with ostlers' heads. The zebra had in the interim been to school, he had been "coached" with unremitting attention, and was now ready to go up for his "great go," as a thoroughly educated quadruped. The audience had, probably for the first time in the history of the world, the pleasure of seeing this proverbially-untameable animal quietly ridden into the arena by Mr. Rarey's groom, and trotting about as amiably as if he were the pet mule of the Archbishop of Toledo. He walked, he trotted, he ambled, as if from his infancy trained to the saddle; and although he was faintly vocal on one or two occasions when asked to repeat certain portions of his performance—such as tumbling down at a signal, and pointing his four feet simultaneously to the roof of the building, his ejaculations were but the faint signs of a disconsolate horse, as compared to the hurricane of yells which had marked the earlier stages of his career in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. It is true, he did let fly his heels just once as he was retiring to his stable, but it was done in an airy, gentle sort of manner—there was no harm in it—it might have been the reminiscence of a dancing lesson, or done merely by way of exercise.

It was a harmless gambol, and, especially when observed from the right side of the barrier, had nothing in it which could create alarm in the breasts of the most timid. But there were evidences on his beautiful skin that the struggle between the steed and his master had been fierce. Mr. Rarey informs us that he had had more trouble with this one pupil than all the four-footed animals that had ever been placed under his care. He had, he said, been told that the zebra was untameable, that the naturalists and *savans* had all said so, and that what they said must be true. But he did not care a fig for either one or the other—probably he had never read a word of their learned descriptions. With Lord Lyndhurst, he believed that a difficulty meant a thing to be overcome, and having already succeeded in training a pair of elks to draw quietly in harness, he determined to try what he could do with the zebra, all the authority of Buffon and Cuvier, and Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," notwithstanding. When the zebra was first introduced into the Academy, his mode of proceeding on any one entering his stable was, first to spring to the top of the rack, seize the cross-beam with his teeth, and hang suspended in that position, while he kept his feet free to destroy any one who should dare to approach him. His first lesson was of four hours' duration, and gave more trouble than the training of four hundred horses, but at the end of it the whole of his nature seemed changed, and he received his subsequent teaching in great comparative patience and tranquility. And upon this fact Mr. Rarey reasons, with great show of probability, that there is nothing more absurd than to take a thing for granted when we have an opportunity of putting it to the test of experiment. His theory respecting the zebra, as expressed in his own quaint language, is that some "muff," having once tried the animal, and failed in teaching him, immediately wrote a book to prove that he was untameable, and that all other "muffs" in the world—a rather numerous population, by the way—had received the book as gospel ever since. But Mr. Rarey himself cares little for the literature of his profession. Had all the books in the Alexandrian library treated of horseflesh, he would not very severely have censured the Caliph Omar for his conflagration. His course of study has been pursued among the wild horses of the prairies, and it has been rather a severe one, too, for he informs us that he has had every bone in his body broken, at one time or another, except his right arm, which final fracture, we suppose, he reserves to give *eclat* to his benefit. He took the wild animal in hand with his usual courage, patience and perseverance, and in the short space of time that intervened between yesterday's lecture and its predecessor, during which time he gave him only four lessons, he succeeded in transforming him from the yelling, lashing demon of the first period into the peaceable, obedient docile quadruped we saw yesterday, quiet in saddle or harness, and admirably adapted to give a novel effect to our civil ceremonial, by carrying the Lord Mayor at the head of the annual procession. But, as we before observed, this happy result was not brought about without a severe struggle. There were marks yesterday on the beautiful hide that indicated a stern resistance. The zebra had fought hard for his traditional reputation, but in vain. He had at last found his master, and henceforth must, as Mr. Rarey rather irreverently expressed it, become as tame as a donkey, adding one more to the list of the four-footed servants of man.

After the zebraic episode came the practical lesson of the day, namely, the complete training of a hitherto unbroken colt, Aboo. The horse was a fine two-year old, the property of a gentleman present, who vouched for his ignorance of the *manege*; but this was hardly necessary, as any one could see from his wild, startled look when he found himself suddenly in the presence of a large company, that he had not had much experience either of stables or bridles. When introduced, this colt was as thoroughly uneducated as when following his mother about the field, and at the expiration of one short hour he was a thoroughly trained and broken horse, fit for saddle or harness, and allowing himself to be mounted with all the steadiness and docility of a lady's jennet; and all this was done in the presence of about two hundred people. There was no mystery, no philtre, no charm. The Professor explained everything he was about to do, and gave a reason for it; and then, by doing so, successfully proved that his reasoning was correct. There was no violence, no severity—the horse was not alarmed, nor exhausted, but was soothed, caressed, persuaded, and at last gently coerced into doing everything that was required from him; and at the end of the lesson he walked quietly about, without the slightest appearance of excitement or fatigue. Not so his teacher, who, while sparing the horse, takes an immensity of work out of himself, and evidently undergoes a sustained mental tension, in order that the horse, whose instinct is so sharp, may not see the slightest faltering in his proceedings. There are moments during the protracted struggle between reason and brute force when, if the cheek were to lose a shade of its color, or the eye to quiver for an instant, the case might go hard with the tamer: but he is impassible, imperturbably good-humored, and undeviatingly resolute in all his proceedings. His system is a slow and gentle, but irresistible pressure, the intention of which is not to crush but to subdue; and he seems rather to convince the horse of the hopelessness of resistance than to overcome that resistance by the application of a greater force. If, at the most critical moment, he requires a riding-whip or a pocket handkerchief, he calls for it as coolly as one would for a glass of lemonade, or as Nelson called for the sealing-wax during the bombardment of Copenhagen.

The lesson is, in truth, a great moral lesson, not only to the horse but to the audience, and opens a field of investigation, of the extent of which we have at present but very little notion. Mr. Rarey is not a philosopher, but an acute, intelligent, practical man, who has all his life been watching the horse, and in doing so has discovered some facts of the most extraordinary suggestive character. As it is always the practical men who first discover the facts and the philosophers who then reason them out to their proper inferences, we would recommend the latter to go and listen to Mr. Rarey, and then to ponder well both on what he says and what he proves.

COULDN'T SUBSCRIBE.—A pair of those interesting, entertaining ladies, who of late seem to carry on so large a business in our down-town offices and stores in the way of procuring subscriptions for new works, selling engravings of "The Father of his Country," and other notabilities, and who (the ladies) are so fascinating in manner, so delightfully importunate, so sweetly un-get-rid-of-able, called a morning or two since at the office of a young lawyer, to induce him, as the younger of the two expressed it, with a charming smile, "To subscribe to a most elegant work just published, to be got up in elegant style, with illustrations," &c.

"Indeed, ladies," said our friend, "I cannot; I have no doubt of the excellence of your work, but I am not in want of anything of that kind. In fact, I do not feel able at present to subscribe for any new works of any description. The partnership of which I am a member, has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, and the enormous expense attending its issue, not to speak of the illustrations, embellishments, and ornamental adornings with which they have seen fit to clothe the production—such unwonted outlay has really, for the present—in fact crippled me—sorry—but a fact—every word of it."

"But—ah," interposed our enterprising agentees, "perhaps we could procure you some subscribers for your work; our terms are quite reasonable. What do you call your work, sir?"

"Well, we have not fully determined as yet, but I guess I shall let Mrs. S—— have her own way, and call it after myself—Charles Henry."

The ladies concluded that they had an engagement in the next block.

FIRST BLOOD IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.—The first blood shed in defence of liberty, and in opposing English oppression, was in the South, so says the Charleston Mercury, S. C. The State of North Carolina—the "old North State," and twin sister of South Carolina—is entitled to the honor. It was during the gubernatorial administration of the notorious Governor Tryon, the English Governor at the time, who built one of the most splendid palaces in either North or South America, at Newbern, N. C., with the proceeds of taxes imposed upon the people for the purpose, and to resist which taxation a portion of them rebelled, just as did the men of Massachusetts afterwards. It took place in the year 1771. On the 16th of May, in that year, a battle was fought between the American and British forces, on the banks of the Alamance river in what is known now as the county of that name, called the battle of Alamance. The American forces were called the Regulars, from their efforts in endeavoring to bring about an equitable regulation of taxes and other oppressive matters. The American forces amounted to two thousand, and were headed by three men, named Husbands, Hunter, and Butler; while the British forces, including militia called out by Tryon, amounted to upwards of eleven hundred, but had the advantage greatly in arms and discipline. As might have been expected, the Americans were defeated, after an action of two hours, with a loss of twenty dead and several wounded, while that of the royal forces, in killed, wounded and missing, was sixty-one. It was at the battle of Alamance, and not at Bunker Hill, that the first American blood was shed in the cause of liberty. "Honor to whom honor is due."

LAWS OF DIVORCE.—We have thirty-two States, and there are almost as many different laws of divorce as there are States. The reader may see some of these differences by the following statement:—

1. In the States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, two-thirds of the Legislature must concur with a decision by the Court to make a divorce.

2. In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana and Missouri, no divorce can be granted, but by special act of the Legislature, and South Carolina has never granted a divorce.

3. In the States of Connecticut, Ohio and Illinois, all divorces are total.

4. In Massachusetts, New York and North Carolina, nothing but adultery is cause of divorce.

5. In Illinois, two years' absence, only, is a cause of divorce.

6. In Indiana, we believe, anything is a cause, in the discretion of the Court. In the recent Presbyterian Assembly, at Chicago, an elder from that State, rose, on the trial of Mr. Shield, and said that as he came from Indiana, he desired to put on record that *Amos Davis goes against divorce!—Cincinnati Gazette.*

A NEW YORK correspondent of the Boston Atlas says:—"I was yesterday conversing with a gentleman well acquainted with the Dickens family, and he attributes the difference between the novelist and his wife to diverse views they take in regard to the religious education of their daughters. Mr. Dickens is a decided latitudinarian in his views, and generally attends the Unitarian Church, while Mrs. Dickens, an Edinburg lady, brought up in the stricter doctrines of Presbyterianism, still clings to the religious ideas inculcated in her youth, and naturally wishes her daughters brought up in the same way."

THE Maine Democratic State Convention has nominated Manasseh H. Smith for Governor, and adopted resolutions strongly endorsing the national administration.

RESCUE OF A YOUNG WIFE FROM The Free Love Resort at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A very singular case of infatuation occurred among parties residing in Detroit a few days since, the particulars of which are thus briefly given by the Free Press:

"A couple of weeks since a married man, who occupies a respectable and intelligent position in the community, applied to Justice Purdy for assistance and advice in finding some trace of his wife, a young and lovely woman, who had disappeared a day or two before, without warning or obvious reason. The husband loved his wife devotedly, and could not account for her abrupt manner of leaving him, as no family differences had ever existed to originate domestic troubles, or cause her to wish her to leave a happy home. Every assistance was rendered him in finding his wife, but the efforts of officers who scoured the city were unavailing, and he was informed that she was not in the city, or being in the city, was so safely hidden, that search was ineffectual. He was further advised to keep quiet, and wait for chance to reveal her dwelling place. He followed this advice, and, as the event proved, successfully, for in a few days after he again appeared in Justice Purdy's office, and informed him that he had learned the whereabouts of his wife through the medium of a relation of her family. With sorrow he disclosed her abiding place, which was no other than a notorious resort of free lovers, called Berlin Hill, in the northern part of Ohio. This place is inhabited by a colony of persons who live in the enjoyment of promiscuous intercourse among the sexes, giving free license to sensuality and delusion, and claiming to cure all bodily and spiritual ills by what they call 'love cure.' What the process of treatment is, Heaven only knows. The wronged husband, desiring to reclaim his young wife, he was advised by Justice Purdy to go after her at once, which he did, with the determination of tearing her from the associations by which she was surrounded, even if compelled in doing so to shed the blood of her seducers.

"He succeeded in finding her at the institution in question, and immediately brought her home, without any demur on her part—she stating, undoubtedly with truth, that she was disgusted with the scenes enacted in that abode of wickedness. Her tale, as it represents things there, is an extraordinary one. She says that she was induced to go there by a female relative, who is a believer in the doctrine, and who, after a long effort, succeeded in instilling into her mind the poison which proved her ruin. Together they absconded and went to Berlin Hill. When there, she found the marvellous 'love cure,' but another name for all that is degrading and loathsome to a virtuous and high-minded woman. Low-bred familiarities with vulgar, fanatical men; companionship with women who deemed themselves elevated above humanity in becoming victims of their own and their companions' lusts, and a close familiarity with a brutish and criminal enjoyment, which was the highest sphere aimed at in this delectable community, were what she was obliged to submit to. This was more than womanhood could endure—and, in her secret trouble, she applied to a relative, not daring to disclose her situation to her injured and much-loved husband. Through this relative, the husband found her, and, notwithstanding her moral and physical contamination, he took her again to his heart, a shame-stricken but wiser wife and mother. We are, of course, permitted to give no names, and should not do so had we the liberty, as the comfort and happiness of a family depend upon the publicity or silence maintained in so gross an affair."

THE LAST ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The Paris correspondent of the Liverpool Journal gives the following particulars of the late attempt to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon at Fontainbleau:

"The Emperor was riding slowly on horseback a little in advance of the rest of the party by whom he was accompanied. Suddenly his horse reared and shied at some unseen danger, and the Emperor, who is a first rate horseman, instantly aware, as if by presentiment, of coming evil, threw himself to one side just as a perfect volley was fired over him! The assassins were ten in number, all Italians; four have been taken, while the remainder, up to the present moment, have escaped. It is this latter fact which has caused that sudden *mute* amongst the Italians domiciliated in Paris, and which the orders of the police rendered so stringent and severe, together with the dismay and disgrace of a certain Corsican chef de brigade of police, who hitherto has been a great favorite—both of which events have created great talk and suspicion of the truth in Paris during the past few days. Of the reality of the attempt no doubt whatever exists, and the relators add that the Emperor's horse was shot so severely in the neck that he died the same evening. This is the tale current among the moneyed men at the Bourse, and believed by them in private, while in public their cry is all against the wicked inventors of such mischievous lies."

SINGULAR DISEASE.—A letter from South Florida to the Savannah News, dated June 1, says that a strange and fatal disease has broken out among the deer in that section:—

"They are found dead in every direction—in some instances that I have heard of by gangs. There is now scarcely the sign of one to be seen where they were before numerous. They appear to die, in most instances, suddenly—full fleshed and fat. Some appear to linger with the disease, and are found to have sore or rotten mouth and tongue. I have seen numbers myself within the last ten or twelve days. The cattle, also, are similarly affected, but not yet so fatally. They have sore mouth and tongue, covered by a thick dark scurf, and walk like a badly foundered horse. Where this disease among the deer and cattle broke out, or how far it extends, I have no means of knowing. It prevails as far as I have heard from. What is still more strange, the buzzards and carrion crows have also disappeared. It is a common remark that none are to be seen. None have been found dead that I have heard of."

A NEW COTTON CLEANER.—A Mississippi inventor has brought forward a machine for cleaning cotton, which evidently possesses a considerable degree of superiority over any apparatus at present employed for that purpose. The peculiarity of this invention consists in the employment of a series of toothed rollers, and a fan so arranged that the cotton is loosened and its fibres separated one from the other, so as to lighten up the mass and detach or loosen the dirt and other foreign substances from it. The cotton being discharged in a thin layer, or sheet, so as to be effectually operated upon by the blast generated by the fan—the blast separating the dust and other light impurities from the cotton. There is also used, in connection with the toothed rollers and fan, a toothed, endless apron, arranged relatively with a guide board, by means of which, husks and other foreign substances, which the cotton may contain, and which are too heavy to be acted upon by the blast, are separated from the cotton, thus securing the utmost degree of cleanliness.

FLOATING CITY.—A recent American traveller, when in Venice, expressed a curiosity to know how the remarkable palaces of that city were built, and on what foundation they stood. When told that they stood on piles, he desired to see the pile-driver. "There is a model of it in the Doge's Palace somewhere," replied the guide, "but it has not been used, for we have had no house built in Venice for three hundred years. Making due allowance for the guide's accuracy of computation, the anecdote will serve to show the stagnant dead-sea aspect of many eastern countries, whose exploits history has emblazoned.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE body of a female, supposed to be one of the victims of the Pennsylvania, has been found near Bolivar, Miss. She used, as a fastening to her night gown, a gold button, with the initials "G. S." on it. She also had on the ring-finger of her left hand a gold ring of eighteen carats fine, with the following engraved on the inside: "From R. W. to J. W."

THE St. Louis Evening News says:—We learn that sickness is rapidly on the increase in the city. We fear the flood will leave us a legacy of sorrow by the mortality it will engender.

THE highest honor in the gift of the University of Cambridge, England, that of "Senior Wrangler," has been conferred upon Morris Birkbeck Pell, son of Gilbert T. Pell, of New York. It is the only instance in which this high academic distinction has been bestowed upon an American.

PRIZE ESSAY.—A gentleman of the South, the Presbyterian says, will, through the Presbyterian Board of Publication, give to the author of the most approved essay on Religion in the Family, the sum of two hundred dollars. Manuscripts may be directed to the Editor of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, No. 821 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

THE CHARTER OAK PLACE TO BE CUT UP.—The famous Charter Oak Place, the old "Wyllys Place," in Hartford, has been sold, and it is to be cut up into numerous building lots on speculation. It is about two hundred years since the first colonial secretary, Wyllys, sent his steward over to the wilderness to select in advance a good site. It is now worth more money per acre than the place it was deemed such a hardship to leave behind in old England.

A QUESTION OF HONOR.—The students of Williams College have decided by 85 yeas to 75 nays, after a long debate, to give in testimony to the faculty, when called upon, in cases of destruction of property and violation of college laws. This is a much needed reform, and all honor should be accorded to old Williams for initiating it. The guilty and innocent alike have heretofore been taxed at the rate of about $400 a year for damages, because there remained of the barbarous ages a custom which branded as a knave the student who should, when called upon, give testimony against his guilty fellows.

THE Republicans of the St. Louis Congressional District have nominated Frank P. Blair, Jr., for re-election to Congress. Resolutions were adopted, re-affirming the doctrine of Thomas Jefferson, denouncing the action of the Administration, opposing negro equality, advocating the extinction of slavery in Missouri, and the removal of negroes from the State. Three full tickets are now in the field—American, Democratic and Republican.

THE Democratic Convention of the Fourth Indiana Congressional District, have nominated W. S. Holman as Anti-Lecompton candidate for Congress.

HON. WM. MONTGOMERY was nominated for re-election at the meeting of the Conferees of the Twentieth district, Pa., on the 19th ult. A letter from Gen. Jesse Lazear was read, declining the nomination under the circumstances. The various Democratic papers of the district run up the name of Montgomery.

BEER STATISTICS.—In twenty-nine breweries in St. Louis, Mo., there were brewed in the last twelve months 94,700 barrels of lager beer and 72,100 of the ordinary kinds, making an aggregate of 166,800 barrels, valued at $1,451,700.

NOVA SCOTIA SALMON.—The catch of salmon about Halifax, N. S., this summer, has been very large. Immense quantities have been exported to the United States. The price in the Halifax markets is from five to six pence per pound.

MAKING UP THE DEFICIENCY.—The Brooklyn (N. Y.) City Directory for the present year contains 50,000 names against 38,000 last year. This will more than compensate for the falling off of 4,000 names, said to exist in the New York Directory for this year.

A LARGE POTATO FIELD.—Mr. Shoocraft, of White Pigeon, Michigan, has planted 1,200 acres of potatoes for this year's crop.

PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.—The Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is now in session at Hamilton. The question of merging the United Presbyterians and Free Churches is agitated, and also the question whether the sale of intoxicating liquor is sinful in itself. The Synod declared the latter point negatively.

A RELIGIOUS FOURTH OF JULY.—At the old School Presbyterian General Assembly, which met at New Orleans, La., last month, a resolution was adopted recommending that, as the Fourth of July this year comes on Sunday, it should be religiously celebrated by a national prayer meeting at ten o'clock, A. M., for one hour, in all the churches in the Union.

STEUBENVILLE, Ohio, stands upon a coal bed. The Herald, of that place, says a shaft has been sunk in Market street, and coal reached at the depth of 220 feet. The vein is four feet thick, and the coal is of a superior quality for household, mechanical, manufacturing and gas purposes. About one thousand bushels are raised daily, and the amount will soon be increased to three thousand bushels. The Herald very aptly winds up the account by hoping that the coal bed will never take fire; if it should, Steubenville will have a hot time of it.

COAL VS. WOOD.—The Middleboro' (Mass.) Gazette states, that four out of the twenty locomotives that belong to the Old Colony and Fall River railroad have been changed to coal burners, and a fifth is now in process of transformation. It takes about 2,500 weight of coal to drive an engine from Fall River to Boston and back, occupying three hours and twenty minutes, and costing $7. The same power of steam created by wood costs $17.

MARTIN KOSZTA, whose name was rescued from oblivion by the spirited action of Commander Ingraham, at Smyrna, died lately in indigent circumstances, on a sugar plantation in Guatemala.

THE Congress of Salvador has authorized the President to assist Peru with money and men if she should be attacked by fillibusters or any nation that is not South American.

THE report that Mr. George Peabody loses $700,000 by the late flood at the city of Cairo, dwindles down to a loss of only $5,000, or perhaps less. He became possessed of the property by owning large claims against the United States Bank.

A MASONIC MATTER.—The Capt. Hamilton, who recently invaded Kansas, being ascertained to be a Free Mason, has been called to his Masonic account by the Lawrence Republican, on the ground that William Stilwell, of Sugar Mound, one of the murdered men, was also a Free Mason. To clear himself of this responsibility, Hamilton publishes a letter in the St. Louis Republican, saying that he did not know from the least sign, token, or indication, that there was a Free Mason in the party.

ICE MADE BY STEAM.—A steam machine, for manufacturing ice has been put in operation by a London firm. The cost of the ice will be 10 shillings per ton.

A FEMALE BACHELOR.—At the first annual commencement of Mount Union College, Ohio, the degree of Bachelor of Liberal Sciences was conferred, amongst others, upon Miss Jane W. Chapman.

DECREASE IN VALUE.—The assessors' valuation of property in Buffalo, N. Y., for the year 1858, shows a decrease of $1,975,061, compared with last year.

SLANDER IN SWEDEN.—Mr. Lindahl, the editor of Fredernaslandet, a newspaper published in Stockholm, has been recently condemned to death by the axe, for having falsely and with evil intentions accused Mlle. Mendelsohn of an infamous crime. His counsel, Mr. C. G. Uggla, has been condemned to one month's imprisonment, and to the interdiction, for having, with full knowledge, undertaken the defence of an unjust cause.

A REPORT is telegraphed from Leavenworth that Governor Denver intends resigning his office as Governor of Kansas, after the August election upon the Lecompton constitution.

BULWER AND LADY BULWER—

A Scene at the Hertfordshire Election.

From the London Morning Star.

A most painful scene occurred at Hertford on Tuesday, the 15th. Toward the close of the proceedings of the Hertfordshire election, just after Sir Edward had concluded his address with a fervent tribute of admiration to the womanly beauty exhibited in the long line of open carriages, chaises and vans drawn up in front of the hustings, there was an unwonted stir in the crowd, which parted to admit of the passage of a hired brougham from one of the towns. The carriage having stopped, two ladies alighted, one of them an extremely handsome woman, of about forty-five years of age, with fresh complexion, and with eyes of dazzling beauty. The lady, who was evidently laboring under excitement which exercised all her powers to control, advanced as nearly as she could through the crowd toward the hustings, and announced herself as the wife of the Right Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton, stating that she had come according to a promise made by her to confront her husband, and to expose the wrongs which she said he had inflicted upon her, and which she had described in her works and in a pamphlet published by her. The appearance of the lady was not unexpected, as her coming had been announced in bills and placards; but, owing to a deception which had been practiced upon her by some persons in the town, who had introduced themselves to her, she was detained in the town while the election was proceeding in the vicinity. Those in the secret anticipated that she would not discover the mistake until the proceedings were over, and that her design would be thus frustrated. It was nearly so. Recognised as soon as observed, her voice was nearly drowned by the shouts of Sir Edward's supporters, but Sir Edward's eye caught hers, and his face paled. He looked like a man suddenly attacked by paralysis. Those near him say he trembled exceedingly. For a few moments he retained his position in front of the hustings, but turned his back on the unwelcome visitor. Then he suddenly disappeared below the hustings platform, while his wife cried "Coward," and he having hastily signed the usual declaration, escaped into the residence of the gentleman on whose grounds the election took place. Lady Lytton continued to address the audience assembled for more than a quarter of an hour, repeating her statements in her pamphlet, and asserting her intention to confront her husband on every possible occasion until she compelled him to redress her wrongs. Her ladyship subsequently made an application to the Mayor for the use of the Town Hall, for the purpose of making a public statement; but this being refused her, she left the town early in the afternoon. Lady Lytton arrived in Hertford at three o'clock on the morning of the election, having posted from Taunton, where she resides. It is needless to say that the event described has caused the greatest possible excitement in Hertfordshire.

Michigan Lands.—The great sale of five million acres of swamp lands, granted by act of Congress in 1850 to the State of Michigan, will commence at Lansing on the 28th of July, and be continued from day to day until the whole shall have been offered. The terms of sales are to those who buy for the purpose of actual settlement on the land purchased, twenty-five per cent. cash, and a ten years' credit for the remainder, with annual interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. All others will be required to make payment in full on the day of sale. The lowest bid that can be received for the land is $1 25 per acre. The State Commissioner, in his announcement of the sale, says:—While this land has been called the "swamp land," much of it is among the most valuable farming land, both for grain and grasses, in any country. More than 50,000 acres of these lands, in quality below the average, were taken in sixty days, by adjacent owners, immediately after the passage of the act of February 4th, in the present year. Even the lowest of these lands, by proper drainage, for which a portion of the proceeds of these sales is to be devoted, will make the very richest and most durable meadow land that can be found, and it has also been amply tested that the deep vegetable mould thus accumulated for ages, makes the richest kind of manure, with a due admixture of other kinds, whenever needed, for adjoining uplands.

The Ancient City of Ostia.—A letter from Rome, of the 26th ult., says:

"Yesterday, a large party of the French residents here went to Ostia, to visit the discoveries made in that old city, by means of the excavations ordered by the Pope. The Tiber steamer was put into requisition. The French Ambassador and the Duchess de Grammont; General and the Countess de Goyon; several members of the diplomatic body, and a select party, were at an early hour on board. The first place visited was the port of Fiumicino. On reaching Ostia, the party were conducted through the excavations; and the greatest surprise was expressed at the complete manner in which the ruins of that once great city have been brought to light. The fountains, the public squares, the baths of Antoninus Pius, with their fine mosaics, the statues and the columns, constitute the finest group of ruins that can be possibly conceived. The chateau of Castel Fusano, with its wood of fir trees, was afterwards visited by the party, after which they returned to Rome, delighted with their excursion."

Gold Mines in Vermont.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveler, writing from Montpelier, June 24th, says that a returned Californian having discovered gold, after a careful search, in the beds of the streams running from a high mountain ridge about ten miles north of that place, quietly went to the land owners, and, without their knowing the fact of the discovery, purchased the exclusive right of digging for gold in the largest stream for three years. All through the present season he has been at work there with an assistant, and says that he is doing a good business every day. He has found a nugget worth thirty dollars, and one worth eight dollars. The goldsmiths pronounce the gold purer and worth more per ounce than that which is brought from California. Gold was discovered many years ago in Plymouth, Windsor county, Vermont, but in such limited quantities that it has never compensated any one to gather it. Last year gold was mined successfully in a stream running down the other side of the mountain ridge above mentioned.

Sale of Congressional Seats.—A few days since the furniture of the old halls of Congress, at Washington, was sold by auction, and there was quite a spirited competition for the chairs which had been long occupied by distinguished statesmen. There was quite a contest for John Quincy Adams's chair and desk. This was the battle of the day, and the hero of it—a member of the press—our excellent friend, E. Kingman, of this city, who knocked all competitors down with an extra dollar. They brought $50. The same gentleman bought several other chairs. Single chairs with a writing ledge went up as high as $10. Next after this the best prices were brought by the desks of Brooks, $9; Henry A. Wise, $7; and those of Benton, and McDuffie, of South Carolina, $6,25 each. The amount realized was over $2,000.—*Washington States.*

The Government has received despatches from Mr. Forsyth, Minister to Mexico, and from their tenor it appears that our diplomatic representative had very properly interrogated the Mexican Government in reference to the tax sought to be levied upon the property of American residents. At the time when the despatches were written Mr. Forsyth had not yet demanded his passports; but the contingency is not among the improbabilities.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A CHILD.

A little girl, only three years old, daughter of John Schaffer, who resides at the corner of St. Paul and Atwater streets, had a singular adventure on Sunday last, which would scarcely be credited if not so well authenticated as to leave no room for doubt. Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer went to church in the morning at the usual hour, and left the child at home with a boy of nine years. About eleven o'clock she told her brother she was going to see Charlotte, referring to a sister five years old, who died two years ago; and soon after she escaped from the house, unobserved by her brother. When the parents returned from church the little girl was nowhere to be found. A search was made of the neighborhood, and finally the usual method of ringing a bell and crying for a lost child was resorted to. Towards evening intelligence was received that a child had been seen at Mount Hope answering the description of the one missing. Mr. Schaffer could hardly suppose that his child had wandered so far from home, but he set out for the cemetery. At the canal bridge he met Mrs. D. Sloetzer with his child on the way home. Mrs. S. had found it at a house in Mount Hope, where it had been taken care of, having been found in the cemetery.

This little girl, only three years old, had walked from near the Falls Field to Mount Hope, and to the extreme southern part of the grounds, where her father has a lot, and where her little sister was buried. The distance is nearly three miles, and she had not been there often enough to make her at all familiar with the streets leading thither. And after reaching the cemetery, it is surprising that she should have found her way along the winding paths leading to the upper part of the grounds. She must have done all without assistance, and actually found the place where her sister Charlotte sleeps. How long she was going to the spot is not known, nor is it known how long she remained there. It is presumed that she was much fatigued when she arrived, for she laid down upon the grass by the grave and slept. When she awoke she started homeward, and came down to one of the ponds in the cemetery to quench her thirst, and there she was noticed by a man who took charge of her, and detained her until Mrs. Sloetzler came along and recognized her.

The little wanderer was restored to her anxious parents about six o'clock, having been absent from home about seven hours, and most of that time was alone and mistress of her own actions. Few children of twice her years could be trusted to accomplish such a journey alone. There is something of sublimity—of poetry—in the adventure of this child, which appeals to the finer sentiments of the soul. That one so young and so tender should be inspired with a passion to visit a sister's grave, and should resolutely accomplish the mission against such obstacles, is strange indeed. That same Almighty Power which controls the smallest events as well as those of magnitude, and which implanted in this infant bosom a desire to commune alone with the pure spirit of a sister, guided her safely to that sister's grave, and returned her unharmed to parental care.

This incident, simple, perhaps, in itself, to the reflecting mind, is suggestive of many thoughts. If the spirits of the dead hover about and are cognizant of the movements of the living, (oh how happy are they who firmly believe it,) with what extatic delight the spirit of Charlotte must have beheld her little sister sleeping sweetly upon the grave containing her ashes! What fond parents would not find the death pang more easy and the King of terrors dethroned in the hour of dissolution, if he could be assured that his darling children and those he held most dear on earth would singly wander to the silent cemetery and sleep upon his grave? Such a thought would strip the tomb of its oblivious character, and make it rather a bed for the enjoyment of enchanting dreams than a place of dark, dreary and cold forgetfulness.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

Squaw Slaves in Utah.—The New York Tribune says, an intelligent writer in the train of the Utah Peace Commissioners states that the system of buying and selling Indian women is carried on all along the route across the plains, among the traders and frontiersmen, as a regular established practice. Almost every white man along this route has an Indian concubine purchased, in the case of young and beautiful squaws at as high a price as three or four horses, though old and ugly ones may be had at a much less cost. Once sold to the white men, her Indian relatives renounce all further interest in her, and not merely her person, but her life, is at the disposal of her owner. When a white man gets tired of his slave-wife, he ships her off and gets another. The children of these unions are totally neglected by the fathers, and grow up as they may under the care of the mothers. At all the forts along the route, the young officers, settlers, and all who can afford it, keep the squaws.

☞ My principal method for defeating error and heresy, is, by establishing the truth. One purposes to fill a bushel with tares; but if I can fill it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts.—*John Newton.*

☞ Form one upright, genuine resolve, and it will uplift into higher air your whole being.

☞ Immense Rose-Bush.—In Mr. Daiglish's garden, Providence, there is a rose-bush that quite fills a green-house seventy feet in length, and contains six shousand flowers and buds!

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done
—*Shakspeare*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 3.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is dull; sales of 7,500 bbls. Wheat is quiet and the sales are unimportant. Corn is dull; sales of of yellow at 82@83. Pork is in firm at $16 50 for Mess and $13 50 for Prime. Whiskey is dull at 23 cents.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by S. McHenry, Stock and Bill Broker, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	52	52½
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	22	22½
" " '62	—		Minehill	49	50
" " '67	—		Har & Lan	55	55½
" " '81	—		Cam Val	91	9
" " '85	—		Tioga	—	—
Penn 6 pr ct	99½	99½	" preferred	—	—
" " new	104½	105	P W & Balt	39½	39½
" 5 "	—	—	Long Island	11½	11½
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Will'sport & Elm	10½	11
Phila 6 pr ct	—	75	Catawissa	6	6½
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	—	—	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" County "	—	—	Sch Nav	—	7½
" R R 6's	40	—	" preferred	14½	15
Penn			Lehigh Nav	47	47½
" 5 "	87½	87½	Morris Cons'd	42	43
" 5 coupon	93½	93½	" preferred	100	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	92	93½	C & Del	42	42
Kentucky 6 pr ct	93½	93½	Union	3	3½
Missouri 6's	87½	87½	Pass & Tidewater	—	5
Penn R R 5 pr ct	100½	101	**BANK STOCKS.**		
20 mort loan '53	97	97½	North America	153	153½
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	77	78	Philadelphia	168	170
P G & N R R "	87	—	Exchange	56½	57
Reading R R "	74½	75	Commercial	46½	49
" mort "	89	91	N Liberty	55	—
" '56	94½	95	Mechanics	150	150½
Lehigh Valley 6's	93	93½	Southwark	70	—
Cam Val R R 6's	99	99½	Kensington	54	57
Tioga R R "	90	—	Girard	11½	11½
Phil Wil & Bal			Western	40	40
" R R 6 pr ct	86½	87	Man & Mech	25½	25½
Long I R R "	79	80	Commerce	62	65
Sch Nav '52 "	87	88	Tradesman's	60	—
Lehigh Nav "	90	91	City	60	64
" Mort "	98	100	Consolidation	23	24
C & D Cal "	78	80	Commonwealth	20	20½
Sus & Tid '70 "	85	86½	Corn Exchange	—	—
Union Canal	30	30½	Pittsburg	50	50
Will'sm & Elmira			Bk of M Pitts	38	39
Will'sport 7 pr ct	54½	55	Exchange Pitts	54	—
" 6 "	—	50	Kentucky	114	—
Catawissa "	—	40	Northern Ky	106	—
North Pa 6 pr ct	87½	88	Louisville, Ky	115	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	112	—
Cam & Amboy	99½	99½	Cairo, Nash, Tenn	108	—
Pennsylvania	61	61½	Pacific, Tenn	100	—
Beaver Meadow	55½	56	Com & R Wick	7	9½
North Penns	94	95	N O Gas Light	120	—

A Terrible Death.—James M. Palmer, an Englishman, 30 years of age, while gathering wild fowl's eggs recently on the Farallones (rocky inlets on the coast of California,) fell from a precipice 400 feet high, striking and bounding from cliff to cliff in his fearful descent, leaving portions of his clothing and quivering flesh on their jagged points. His body was never seen afterwards.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH.

Should at once be attended to.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and dealers in medicines, everywhere, will cure all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequalled remedy.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS. The quietude which has marked the course of the Flour market for some weeks past still continues. There has been very little inquiry for shipment, and the home trade have purchased only to supply their most necessitous wants. The news from Europe has again been unfavorable, and prices are drooping. The sales for the week foot up only 3 4 000 barrels at $4 12½@4 25 for superfine; $4,62½@5 for extra, and $5@5,25 for extra family. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of these quotations for common and extra brands, and fancy lots at $5,50 @$6. Rye Flour has been steady. About 200 barrels sold at $3,31½ ₩ barrel. Corn Meal has been quiet, without change in prices. Sales of 1,500 barrels Pennsylvania at $3,37½, and 800 barrels Brandywine at $3,75.

GRAIN.—Prices of Wheat have undergone no change this week, but the demand for it is extremely limited, being confined to the wants of the millers. Sales of 14,000 bushels ranging from 95 to 1,08 for ordinary and prime Southern and Pennsylvania Red, and $1@1.20 for white. Rye continues to sell on arrival for distilling at 70c., but at the close there was none offering. Corn has met quite an active inquiry, both for foreign and coastwise shipment, and prices have again advanced. Sales of 42,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern yellow at 76@78c. afloat, closing at the latter rate, and 75@77c. in store, including some of fair quality at 73@75c., some damaged at 68@70c., and good white at 72c. Oats have been arriving more freely, and are dull at a further decline of 2c. Sales of 18,000 bushels at 38@40c. for Delaware and Pennsylvania—closing at the former rate, and 34c. for fair Virginia.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is light, but the article is dull, as the sales have been confined to 200 bbls at $16.75@17 for Western and City Mess, and $14 for Prime. City packed Mess Beef sells slowly, for ship's stores, at our quotations. 100 bbls Dried Beef sold at 9½c. 90 days. Bacon—Has been extremely dull, notwithstanding the light receipts and stocks, and our quotations are about nominal for all descriptions. Sales of Hams at 10½ @11½c for plain, and fancy canvassed Sides at 8@ 8½c, the latter rate for city smoked, and Shoulders at 5@6½c, cash and 60 days. Green Salted Meats—The transaction have been unimportant. Among them were some Shoulders at 5½c. Lard—The demand has been limited, but the stock is light, and prices remain without change. Sales of barrels and tierces at 11½@11¾, and kegs at 12½@13 ₩ lb, 60 days. Butter meets a very limited inquiry. Sales of both so id packed and roll at 10@12½c. No change to notice in Cheese. Eggs command 10@12c ₩ doz—the former rate for Ohio.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks of all kinds continue small, and with only limited inquiry and unfavorable European advices, prices have declined fully ½c. Sales of 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12½@ 3½c ₩ lb. cash, for middling and middling fair quality.

COPPER continues dull. In the absence of sales we quote English Sheathing at 28c ₩ lb, and Yellow Metal at 22c ₩ lb, 6 mos.

BARK is in better demand at the late decline, and some 200 hhds, all offered, sold at $30 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is scarce and wanted. Tanners' Bark is dull, and sales are reported at $11@ 13 for Spanish, and $10@11 for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX meets a very limited inquiry. Small sales at 31c ₩ lb for good yellow.

FEATHERS are scarce. Good Western readily command 44@47c ₩ lb.

FRUITS—The market is nearly bare of foreign, the only transactions being a few small sales of Pine Apples at $3@6 the 100. Nothing doing in domestic dried Fruits to alter quotations. Green Fruit is beginning to arrive more freely.

GUANO Is in limited request, but with no change in prices.

HEMP—The stock in first hands is light, but the demand continues limited.

HIDES are held quite firmly, as the receipts and stocks are small.

HOPS are held with a little more firmness, but there is no increase in the demand. The sales range from 7 to 10c ₩ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

IRON—The Iron market has been exceedingly quiet. In Pig Metal, we notice sales of only 3a 500 tons at $21, $20 and $19 ₩ ton, 6 months, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is entirely nominal in value, and is not wanted. Blooms, Boiler Plates and Bar Iron sell slowly, without change in prices.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead here is nearly exhausted, and there has been nothing doing.

LEATHER—The market is nearly bare of the better kinds of Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and they are wanted, but for the inferior descriptions there is no inquiry.

LUMBER—The receipts have been light, but they are ample for the demand, as there has been but little inquiry for any description. Sales of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $12@14 ₩ M feet; Pickets in lots at $9, and Lathe $1,25@ 1 31½ ₩ M; Hemlock Raft Lumber is selling at $7@7.50.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover seed, but there is little or none coming forward. We quote at $4,50@4.62½ ₩ 64 lbs. Flaxseed, if here, would command $1,55@1,60 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—Holders ask 9½c ₩ lb for city rendered, but the market is very dull.

TOBACCO—There is no alteration in price or demand, and a limited business doing this week.

WOOL—Supplies of the new "clip" come forward very slowly, and the manufacturers manifest no disposition to purchase to any extent. Sales of 50,000 lbs at 33 up to 42c ₩ lb, cash, for common and fine.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₩ lb	12@14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	8@10
Sirloin steak	14@16	Breast and Neck	6@8
Rump "	12@14	Young Lamb, whole	6@8
Chuck pieces	8@11	Who e carcase	8@9
Plates and navels corned	8@10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, fresh	65@75	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Leg, each	30@37½	Hind "	10
Skin	20@25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8@12	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₩ lb	5@8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ₩ lb	14@16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75@87½	Sa. f and fresh, lb	10@12
Hind "	1,00@1,25	Feet, ₩ set	18@25
Chop, ₩ lb	10@12	Tripe, ₩ lb	4@8
Calves head, each	25@37	Lard "	10@15
		Hams, sliced	15@18
		Bologna sausages	16@20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, ₩ head	2@5	New pot's (N J), ₩ lb	6@
Rhubarb, bunch	2@4	Cabbages, ₩ head	6@10
Onion tops "	1	Carrots, dozen	10
Radishes, ₩ hundred bunches	1,50@2,00	Do do, ₩ lb	6@8
Asparagus, bunch	10@18	Corn pot's, ₩ bus	1,00@1,37½
Bermuda potatoes, ₩ basket	,25	Onions, bus	80
		Peas, ₩ basket	62@87½

FRUIT.

Apples, ₩ bbl	1,50@1,50	Huckleberries ₩ qt	20
Do ₩ ph	25@31	Strawberries	25@30
Currants ₩ quart	6	Raspberries, ₩ qt	25@37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₩ pair	50@87	Chickens, ₩ lb	10@12½
Chickens, ₩ pair	75@1,25	Sub Pig'ns, pair	25@37

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (Southern), ₩ doz	4,50@6,00	Oysters (Absecom) ₩ bbl	3,50@5,00
Do (Chesa'k, Del)	2,00@3,00	Do, ₩ M	16,00@20,00
Lobsters, ₩ lb	8@10	Morris River Cove, ₩ bbl	10,00@12,00
Clams, bl	2,00@2,50	N Y do, ₩ bbl	10,00@13,00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	18@25	Salt do, lb	11
Roe "	14@20	Mackerel	10
Eggs, doz	11@13	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Codfish	5@8	Honey, lb	20@25
Dry Cod	4@5	Sweetcake, cake	2
Halibut, lb	6@8	Salmon	37½@
Fresh Shad	16@25	Sheep and ₩ lb	2

FITS, FITS, FITS.

Jayne's Alterative a Certain Remedy.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, gradually removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, producing permanent cures.

THE PROOF.

West Salem, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

Dr D Jayne: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS; but supposing they proceeded from worms, I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him.

ALFRED McKINNEY

ANOTHER CURE.

Bublington, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov '56

Dr D Jayne: Dear Sir—About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE, and a me SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,

CEPHAS CLARKE

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.

MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

Danville, Pa., July 5, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralyzed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

THOS. WOODS, WM KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W FORREST,
GEO S SANDERS, JAS M JONES,
J R MOORE

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

Burritt's Rapids, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr D Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE

ANOTHER CURE.

Lanesville, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure me, I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,

SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. je12-3t

---

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER I have used with great success in my family, in cases of colds and coughs, and also had the happiness to see my son immediately relieved of distressing dysentery, and completely cured in a few days. WARD C. COPELAND, Fall River.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. William Ellis, to Miss Mary Rush, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. John Porter, to Miss Jane Caldwell, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Cheeseman, Robert Gailey, to Martha Porter, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., Mr. Emanuel G. Revenhealer, to Miss Anna L. daughter of John G. Alburger, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, N. J. Blackman, of this city, to Eliza G. Walton, of Frankford, Pa.

On the 8th of May, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. Jesse Lewis, to Miss Elizabeth Lowry, daughter of Philip Lowry, Esq. both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. C. Johnstone, Mr. James Roy, to Miss Catharine Hamilton.

On the 13th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Augustus Crowell, of Hyannis, Mass. to Sallie B. Shaffer, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. Ann Kelly.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Harriet Mitchell, aged 49 years.

On the 29th ultimo, Mr. Henry Dacombert, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Worthington, aged 87 years.

On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Fraley, aged 37 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. John Barnes, aged 80.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. Charles Gallagher, aged 28 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Maria, wife of the late Conrad Hester.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Bastian, aged 58 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. Martha, wife of Wm. Seed, aged 36 years.

On the 26th ultimo, James Garvin, Sr. aged 53.

On the 26th ultimo, David Locke, aged 69.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. William Hamilton, aged 29 years.

On the 26th ultimo, at Hoboken, N. J., Charles H. Johnson, late of this city.

$100 A MONTH.—WANTED 300 Active Young Men. Capital of $5 only required. For particulars, inclose stamp, and address A. B. MARTYN, Plaintow, N. H. jy10-6t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, PEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 3, 1858.

Pennsylvania.		**Georgia.**	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New banks	1½ to 5 dis	**South Carolina.**	
Relief notes	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Tioga & Shamo'kin no sale		**Alabama.**	
New Jersey.		Solv bks	1 to 5 dis
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	**Mississippi.**	
Delaware.		All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	**Louisiana.**	
Maryland.		Solv bks	1 dis
Baltimore	½ dis	**Ohio.**	
Solv bks	½ to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
New York.		**Kentucky.**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Maine.		**Indiana.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	1 dis
New Hampshire.		**Illinois.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	2½ dis
Vermont.		**Missouri.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Connecticut.		**Tennessee.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	2½ dis
Massachusetts.		**Michigan.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Rhode Island.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
Virginia.		**Texas.**	
Solv bks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
District of Columbia.		**Canada.**	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
North Carolina.			
Solv bks	1½@2 dis		

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS!!

AGENTS WANTED,

To form Clubs in Every Town and Village in the United States.

To whom a larger commission will be given than can be had from any other house. New descriptive catalogues (just issued) mailed free to any address, containing all the popular works of the day, classified in the following order:—

Annuals and Presentation Books,	History and Travels, &c.,
Agricultural Works,	Juvenile Works,
Bibles, Prayer & Hymn Books,	Law Books,
Biographical Works,	Musical Books,
Botanical Works,	Miscellaneous Works,
Classical and Philosophical Works,	Medical Books,
Cookery, Domestic Economy, &c.,	Natural History,
Dictionaries and Lexicons,	Odd Fellowship & Freemasonry,
Fiction, (Works of)	Poetical Works,
Geographical Books,	Phrenological Works,
German Books,	Religious, Biblical and Theological Works,
	School Books,
	Scientific Works,
	Sports and Pastimes

☞ Send for a Catalogue. Address G. G. EVANS, Publisher, 439 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa. je19-3m

---

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,

730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. Circulars sent on application by letter. Agents wanted. my8-13t

---

R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA
PREMIER ARTISTE
ON
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable ladies and gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald
2. From forehead over the head to neck.	2. Over forehead as far as required.
3. From ear to ear over the top.	3. Over the crown of the head.
4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frisets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oc31-cowly

---

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist

Wit and Humor.

LITERARY COLLOQUY.

SCENE—*Editorial Sanctum—Dramatis Personæ—Editor and Young Poet—to whom Editor hands MS., bowing politely.*

Poet. Ah! you don't like it? will you please to mention
What faults you find?—I'll give devout attention.
Ed. You ask for my opinion of your verse—
Well, Sir,—to say the truth I've read much worse.
Poet. Oh, thank you, Sir—I'd like to know what sin
My muse is guilty of. Pray, Sir, begin.
Ed. First, teach her better English; don't suppose
That grammar's unimportant save in prose;
Next, mend her rhymes; it is extremely queer
Some modern bards—
Poet. I'm sure I have an ear!
Ed. No doubt!—I've known a poet with a pair,
And very long ones—who was not aware
That "morn" and "dawn" have not the proper chime
By a long shot, to make a decent rhyme.
Poet. Sir, you surprise me—any prosing fool
With half a head, can learn to write by rule.
Ed. Try it! my friend—pray don't omit to try it;
Depend upon't you'll mend your verses by it.
I warrant you will find your work complete
If you'll observe the common laws of metre;
Because a rythmic feet you chance to lack,
Don't put a harmless "flower" upon the rack,
To make it "dow-er" (thus); and oh, bequeath
To rhyming schoo'-gir's that infernal "peath!"
No poet yet who had sufficient art
To blow a whistle, or to eat a tart,
E'er so abused—
Poet. But, worthy critic, pray
In such a pinch what *should* the poet say?
Ed. Say? why, say "*Finis!*"—that's the word, by Jove!—
Or thrust the blotted paper in the stove.
I hold such cobbling not a venial fault,
But downright sin—a murderous assault;
And he (or she) who chances to be found
Guilty of such offences, should be bound
Durante vita—hopeless of release—
Poet. Bound, did you say?—
Ed. Yes, bound to keep the *piece!*
Exit. Poet, in a huff. Editor smiles. Curtain falls. —*Post.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The Nebraska Post, under the above caption, says:—

A few days since, we received a letter from a friend at the East, making inquiries in regard to our Territory, from which we clip the following questions, and append the answers:—

"What kind of country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally during the daytime."

"Have you plenty of water, and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whiskey."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go half a mile, and wade in mud knee-deep to get at it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, Ionic, Anti-Caloric, Log and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out-doors, and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"*Nary one.*"

"What do your people do for a living, mostly?"

"Some work, some laze round, one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whiskey."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass, and the water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Bugs and buck-saws in the daytime, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights."

"Any pianos there?"

"No, but we have several cow-bells, and a timpan in every family."

"Any manufacturers?"

"Every household. All our children are home productions."

"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"

"Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or, if hard pinched, buy and sell town property."

"Are your people intelligent?"

"Some know everything that happens and some things that do not."

"Would they appreciate a well-bred family of sons and daughters?"

"Certainly. Great on blooded stock; would take them to our next Territorial Fair and exhibit them."

"Dear friend, your questions are answered. Bring on your well-bred stock, and make your home with us."

☞ When the cholera was raging in the south of Europe a native of Hungary heard that in a certain village it attacked only men. Hoping to escape the disease, he disguised himself as a female, with the utmost care and secrecy, and went to live in the favored village. Soon after his arrival he was, however, attacked with the worst symptoms of the disorder, and in his agony exclaimed,—"Alas, alas! who could have betrayed my sex?"

☞ A SON OF A GUN.—There is a baby in Cincinnati, the child of a Mr. Cannon, who weighed 24 pounds at eleven months of age.—*Exchange.*

He must be at the age of twenty-and-one,
A dangerous piece, it's remarkably clear—
When the young Cyclopean son of a gun
If a 24-pounder the very first year!
—*Boston Post.*

A KANSAS DIFFICULTY.—The position of the traveller in this unhappy territory is well illustrated by the following story related by a Kansas correspondent of the Boston Journal:—

An unfortunate fellow during the troubles here two years since, while riding away from home one morning, was met by an armed band, who inquired his politics. He replied that he was a Free-State man. The company—which was composed of Pro-Slavery men—immediately "eased" him of his watch and money and left him.

Continuing his journey, he was met before noon by another armed company, whose captain stopped him, and asked to which side he belonged. The frightened traveller, supposing all the rovers to be like the first party,—promptly replied that he was Pro-Slavery. This band, which chanced to be Free State, immediately took his horse from him, and left him to go *on foot.*

He continued his trip, however, and just at night was stopped by a *third* band, who asked the old question. The unfortunate traveller was fairly non-plussed, but at last he asked:

"Gentlemen, what are *your* politics? It doesn't make the slightest difference to me, only, whichever side you may happen to belong to, *I agree with you perfectly.*"

THREE REASONS.—Mr. Brandytoddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman:

"Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. B.

"No! why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement.

"In the first place," returned Mr. Brandytoddy, "I am Secretary of a Temperance Society that is to meet to-day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

Agricultural.

WEEDS.

We often see fields, exhausted by long cultivation, and "thrown out" to rest and replenish themselves, covered with a heavy growth of weeds. So far from renewing their energies, such fields are becoming more exhausted, and will continue to become more so as long as the weeds are allowed to run riot on them. No crop exhausts the soil more than a crop of weeds. Actual and accurate experiments prove, that in fields where the weeds are allowed to grow with the crop, they diminish the crop at least one-fourth. They rob the earth of the food required for the growth of useful plants, and when the farmer turns his land out to rest and replenish its energies, he is but exchanging one kind of crop for a still worse one, if he allows the weeds to grow and mature their seeds.

So important has this matter become, in the view of scientific agriculturists in England, that courts are directing the attention of grand jurors to the subject; and, through them, are forcing the attention of the public to this all-important matter.

The Irish Royal Agricultural Society have resolved, "that as great injury arises to the farming classes from the growth of weeds along the sides of public roads, whose seeds being allowed to ripen and shed are spread over the adjoining lands, a circular be immediately addressed to the Grand Jurors of the several counties, soliciting them to give directions to the County Surveyors to make it imperative upon road contractors to cut down and remove all weeds, more particularly thistles, docks, and rag-weeds, before the first of June, and at such other periods in the year as may prevent their injurious effects to the farmer."

The object of such a course is obvious to any one who reflects for a moment on the fact that the seeds of weeds will lie in the ground for years without germinating, but as soon as the earth is ploughed for a crop, spring into existence. No matter how clean our fields are kept, if the corners of the fences are allowed to be nurseries from which are scattered seeds for an annual supply of weeds. Every thistle-top has seeds enough to stock acres, and every burr or dock can furnish seed for a township.

Let a war of extermination then be waged against these pests of the farmer. Make no truce with a thistle, dock, or weed, and besides adding one-fourth to the amount of your crop, you will give your farms a chance to replenish. —*Ohio Farmer.*

COLIC IN HORSES.—Colic in horses is a very common disease, and if taken in time may be easily cured in most cases. It is not unfrequently confounded with inflammation of the bowels, but is easily distinguished as follows: Colic has no increase of the pulse, which is not over fifty a minute; the animal often rolls; the disease intermits, and there is but little fever. With inflammation of the bowels there is much fever; the pulse is sometimes a hundred a minute, the attack is gradual, and the disease does not intermit.

When colic arises from bad food, a pint or so of a solution of saleratus will often afford entire relief. As it assumes more of a spasmodic character, peppermint and ginger may be added. We have used with entire and immediate success, a small spoonful of saleratus, the same quantity of ginger, and a tea spoonful of peppermint, added to a pint of nearly hot water, and given from a junk bottle. Powdered charcoal is one of the best and safest mediums for any disease resulting from derangement of the digestion—and two or three ounces or more mixed with water, may be given at any time with great advantage.

Inflammation of the bowels is generally increased and rendered fatal by irritating medicines. A drink of slippery elm, hourly, to allay irritation—giving the animal but little food, and that weak gruel, and keeping him quiet, is good and safe treatment.—*Country Gentleman.*

SORES ON HORSES.—Take one quart of soft water, one table spoonful of gunpowder, one ounce of white vitriol, and half an ounce of copperas. Shake them well together, and it will soon be fit for use. Apply to fresh or old sores.—*New England Farmer.*

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

BAFFLING GUESS.—"Bless 'is 'art! I know'd he'd take to it kindly—by the warry looks on 'im!"

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

WASHING FRUIT TREES.—June is the best month to apply a wash to trees, let the wash be strong or weak. June is the time when insects fly and deposit their eggs on trees. We now repeat our recommendation to use potash water in preference to any other wash, because it has power to destroy animal life while it is not injurious to vegetation. One pound of good potash will make a gallon of liquid suitable for apple trees. We have heard people assert that such a wash is too strong. We have also heard that some men have let their potash water stand out in an open kettle till the one half of it had evaporated and then applied the sediment to wash young trees. This sediment would be twice as strong as that which we recommend.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

TO DESTROY VERMIN AND BORERS.—Apply spirits of turpentine. You will need to wet the branch or limb both above and below the nest, then wet the nest well with the turpentine, and life will soon be extinct. It is sure. For borers put it round the tree near to the ground. It will not injure the tree in the least. It will destroy the egg as well as the worm.—*L. Smith in N. E. Farmer.*

COWS.—Skimmed milk is excellent for cows.—*New England Farmer.*

TO DESTROY WHITE DAISIES.—We cannot prescribe for all soils and localities, but in our own case we have always found the cure very simple. Get in better grasses and they will run out this pest. This may be done in many instances by giving them a top dressing of yard manure or compost, aided by plaster, sowing a bushel per acre. Secondly, we would cultivate a hoed crop, with thorough tillage, and stock heavy with the grasses most natural to the soil. Both these remedies we have found effective as long as the causes remain active; yet as these cease, the daisy will creep in again, and must be again combatted. We have found simply a sowing of plaster to have good effects in destroying them. Daisies should always be cut when quite green, to prevent the seed from maturing and scattering on the soil. When so cut, they make good fodder, and much cause for future trouble from them is removed.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

GOOSEBERRIES.—I have removed the mildew from my gooseberries by the use of dry ashes after a heavy shower. I take a pan of dry ashes and bend the bushes over, bottom up, and set the pan under and throw the ashes upon the bushes, completely covering them, and the next shower takes off both ashes and mildew. If the first application does not take all off, try again.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MAPLE MOLASSES FRESH THE YEAR ROUND.—Take maple sugar that has not been burnt, dissolve it in warm water to the consistency of good molasses, and boil it moderately over the fire 10 to 15 minutes. When cool, cork it up in *bottles* or *jugs*, to keep it from the air. Do a little at a time and you will always find it very palatable, and not like maple molasses, liable to sour and lose its flavor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SCULPTUR FOR BUGS.—I have been in the habit of protecting cucumber and melon vines from bugs, and rose bushes from the rose slug, for the last three seasons by dusting them with sulphur. Put the sulphur in a cup, tie a piece of gauze over the top, invert the cup, and shake it gently over the vines or bushes. The bugs will leave, but may return after a time, especially after heavy rains. In that case, repeat the operation. I have tried many other things, but never found anything to work like a charm till I tried the sulphur.—*Rural New Yorker.*

COAL ASHES.—In the ashes of *anthracite* coal, says Prof. Norton, there are in every 100 lbs. from 4 to 8 lbs. of valuable inorganic material, of a nature suitable for adding to any soil requiring manures.

The editor of the Germantown Telegraph says:—"We consider anthracite coal ashes to be most valuable when applied either to low ground, a little moist and heavy, or to clay moulds. They have a very good effect in making them permanently more friable and productive. Our own experience satisfies us of this. On light soils, or those inclining to sand, we regard coal ashes as quite undesirable. In such localities the best use to put them to, is to excavate your garden avenues six inches, and fill them in and roll them down, and you will have a hard, dry, pleasant walk, a little superior to anything yet tried. *It is always compact and always dry.* For carriage-ways, also, they cannot be surpassed.

☞ Mahommedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act is worth a century of eloquence.

HOW TO OIL A HARNESS.

We all know that it is of great benefit to oil our harness, yet many of us neglect to do it, because we regard it as a dirty job; but it is easy enough, if done right. My process for doing it is as follows:—First, I take the harness apart, having each strap and piece by itself; then I wash it in warm soap-suds. I used to soak it in cold water for half a day, as others did, but I find that warm water does no harm and much facilitates the job. When cleaned, I black every part with a harmless black dye, which I make thus: One ounce of extract of logwood, twelve grains bichromate of potash, both pounded fine; upon that I pour two quarts boiling rain water, stirring until all is dissolved. When cool it may be used. I keep it on hand all the time, in bottles. It may be applied with a shoe brush, or anything else convenient. If any one objects to the use of this blacking, fearing that the bichromate of potash it contains would injure the leather, I would just say that this kind of potash will not injure leather, even when used in a much larger proportion. The blacking generally used contains copperas—a sulphate sometimes made of oil of vitriol and iron, and it will eat out the life of leather, unless used with great caution. When the dye has struck in, I go through with the oiling process. Some have a sheet-iron pan to oil in, which is better than anything, but I have a sheet of iron nailed to a board; it is about two by three feet square. This I lay upon a table; I lay a piece or part of the harness upon this, and with neats-foot oil applied with a paint brush, kept for the purpose, I go over it, oiling every part; and thus I proceed until every part is oiled. The traces, breeching, and such parts as need the most, I oil again. For the last oiling I use one-third castor oil and two-third neats-foot oil, mixed. A few hours after, or perhaps the next day, I wipe the harness over with a woolen cloth, which gives it a glossy appearance. Why I used some castor oil for the last coat in, because it will stand the effects of the atmosphere, the rain, &c., much longer than neats-foot oil, consequently the harness does not require oiling so often, by its use. One pint of oil is sufficient for one harness.

The common way of oiling a harness, is to apply as much neats-foot oil containing lampblack as the leather will take up; then washing off with castile soap and water. This way is not so good as mine, because it makes the harness smutty, and also the soap that is used contains barilla—a strong alkali, which eats up and feeds upon the oil in the leather, and the weather, especially if rainy, soon renders the harness stiff and unyielding as before; the wax in the threads is also destroyed, and the stitching gives way. I have experimented with different kinds of oil, and find that the kind and the process I now use is the best.—*New England Farmer.*

PREJUDICE INCREASED BY LEARNING.—To look upon an acquaintance with literature as one of the objects of education, is to mistake the order of events, and to make the end subservient to the means. It is because this is done, that we often find what are called highly educated men, the progress of whose knowledge has been actually retarded by the activity of their education. We often find them burdened by prejudices, which their reading, instead of dissipating, has rendered more inveterate. For literature, being the depository of the thoughts of mankind, is full, not only of wisdom, but also of absurdities. The benefit, therefore, which is derived from literature, will depend, not so much upon the literature itself, as upon the skill with which it is studied, and the judgment with which it is selected. These are the preliminary conditions of success; and if they are not obeyed, the number and the value of the books in a country become a matter quite unimportant. Even in an advanced state of civilization, there is always a tendency to prefer those parts of literature which favor ancient prejudices, rather than those which oppose them; and in cases where this tendency is very strong, the only effect of great learning will be, to supply the materials which may corroborate old errors, and confirm old superstitions. In our time such instances are not uncommon; and we frequently meet with men whose erudition ministers to their ignorance, and who the more they read, the less they know.—*Buckle's "History of Civilization."*

☞ The last words of the Old Testament are a fearful threatening; "Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." The last words of the New Testament are a benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

HAIR STANDING ON END.—The earliest notice of this fact will be found recorded in Job iv. 13, 14, 15:—"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. *The hair of my flesh stood up,*" &c. The Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, told me he once saw a remarkable illustration of this result from the same cause—excessive fear. William Probert, who had been concerned in the murder of Weare, for which Thurtell was hanged in 1824, was indicted at the Old Bailey, in 1825, for horse-stealing, and being found guilty June 28, was there executed. Dr. Andrews had been requested to attend this man, and found him in a state of stupor which prevented reflection, almost, indeed, perception; but on the morning of execution his mind cleared, and he was anxious to listen and join in the prayers. On leaving the cell, and going to the room where he was pinioned, he became somewhat excited, and the instant the executioner put the cord to his wrists to bind his hands, his hair—long, lanky, weak, iron-gray hair—arose gradually and stood perfectly upright, and so remained for some short time, and then as gradually fell down. The fact is accounted for from the circumstance that the blood retires to the heart, and the extremities being left without due circulation, "the skin contracts, and the effect is to raise the hair." But this I doubt. That such is the result of sudden fear, and that it has been known for ages, is very certain.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ PROGRESS.—The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—*Carlyle.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO KEEP ROOMS COOL IN SUMMER.—Lord Rosse has denied the absurd prediction that the approaching summer will be an extraordinarily hot one. Still it may be well that medical men should be forearmed with the means of cooling their own and their patients' rooms. A flat vessel filled with water, on which are floated branches of trees covered with green leaves, is a very pleasant and efficacious means, and is much employed in Germany. The suspension of Indian matting, previously damped, at the open window, tends much to diminish the heat. This matting may be imitated by any kind of plaited grass.—*Lancet.*

TO PREVENT CONVULSIONS.—The following curious mode for preventing a convulsion commonly called "a fit," is given in a recent number of the Charleston Medical Journal and Review, in a long article on the treatment of epilepsy, by Wm. M. Cornell, M. D., of Boston:

"I have employed various means to ward off an epileptic attack for the time being. Stretching the muscles powerfully will generally prevent an attack; for example, when the aura commences in the great toe, or in the leg, great traction, or elongating the toe, or stretching the muscles of the leg, will carry the patient over the threatened attack for the time; or, when the patient has premonitory symptoms of an attack, opening the jaws as widely as they can be done, and placing some hard substance between the teeth to keep the mouth open, will have the desired effect. I have one patient, who, by my advice, carried a piece of iron with him for a year, fitted for the purpose of expanding the jaws to their utmost capacity. When he has left what he calls 'the little spasms,' which have usually been the precursors of the great ones, or the 'fits,' he has immediately drawn from his pocket the iron wedge, opened his mouth to the utmost width, and placed the wedge between his teeth. He then becomes quiet, goes about his business, or gives himself no further trouble about the convulsion, and has none."

TO PRESERVE FRESH FRUIT, &c., IN CANS.—The following is reliable, for I have tested it some years, and find it every way superior to the old method of putting the fruit in the cans before heating, and then immersing in boiling water, &c. I have preserved in this way, tomatoes, peaches, cherries, pears, quinces, apples, and pumpkin for pies, and find all to keep for two years as fresh as when put up.

Select good, sound, ripe fruit, and put it up as speedily as possible after it is gathered. Peaches, pears, sweet pumpkin for pies, tomatoes, and berries of all kinds, can be preserved fresh for years, if the following directions are observed:—

Prepare the fruit by paring, and stoning, or coring where necessary, and put it over a moderate fire in a brass or porcelain kettle, (the latter is best, as it does not discolor fruit,) with sugar enough to make sufficient syrup to fill all the cavities in the can when the fruit is in. Have ready your cans, and as soon as the mass is thoroughly heated through, skim out the fruit and put it in the cans quite hot, and pack it as tight as practicable. Then pour in syrup till it is as full as it can be, and permit the covering to be soldered on.

I use round tin cans holding about a quart each, with a round aperture in the top from two to three inches in diameter. I have circular pieces of tin cut a little larger than the aperture in the cans, with a small hole punched in the centre of each piece. As soon as the can is filled, solder this piece of tin over the aperture, then a drop of solder over the little hole in the centre, and the thing is done. I think the old-fashioned tin cans, soldered as I have described, the most reliable—though it is, perhaps, a little more trouble to use them than some of the self-sealing cans, as they are called. The object is to have the article preserved, thoroughly heated through, and to fill the cans *full*, or as nearly so as possible; and if these two requisites are observed, and the can then sealed, I think the fruit will keep as long as the can remains *perfectly* air-tight. It is necessary, sometimes, when fruit is not sufficiently juicy to form syrup enough to fill the cans, to add a little water. Tomatoes need no sugar nor water. It is very convenient in filling, to have a very wide-mouthed funnel that just fits the aperture in the tops of the cans; and it is best not to use an iron ladle or skimmer to stir or dip out the fruit, as it will discolor peaches and some other fruits.—G. W. C. *in Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 5, 9, 6, 1, 11, 15, is one of the U. States.
My 2, is a Roman numeral.
My 3, 2, 4, 5, 6, 10, 18, is that without which no person is happy.
My 4, 15, 13, 9, 8, 12, 10, 5 13, is an instrument much used by seamen
My 5, 7, 16, 8, 9, 14, 9, 1, 18, is a division of grammar.
My 6, 9, 8, 19, was a famous city.
My 7, 11, 4, 13, 13, is a river in Europe.
My 8, 15, 16, was an officer in the American army.
My 9, 4, 11, is a river in Russia.
My 10, 2, 8, 19, is seldom made an object by young people.
My 11, 7, is a pronoun.
My 12, 13, 17, is a fixed point of time.
My 13, 18, 12, is a kind of grain.
My 14, 12, 19, was a Major General in the American army.
My 15, 13, 8, is a military command.
My 16, 11, 13, 5, is a military command.
My 17, 14, 15, 4, 17, 8, 15, is one of the U. States.
My 18, 12, 15, 13, is a denomination of time.
My 19, 17, 1, 14, 12, is a large bird.
My 20, 12, 17, is a beverage.
My 21, 15, 18, 14, 9, 6, was President of the United States.
My 22, 13, 11, 5, is one of the great lakes.
My whole was a distinguished Major General in the American army during the war of the Revolution.

Tiffin, Ohio. J. W. CRAMER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 17, 1, 4, 28, 8, 7, is a county of Iowa.
My 4, 5, 11, 9, 29, 13, 3, 23, is a county of Missouri.
My 30, 31, 32, 22, is a county of Maryland.
My 17, 6, 33, 13, is a county of Illinois.
My 27, 29, 25, 9, is another county of Illinois.
My 2, 22, 10, 19, 12, is a county of Ohio.
My 35, 15, 27, 16, 18, 7, is a county of Indiana.
My 35, 19, 24, 11, 22, is a county of Wisconsin.
My 9, 21, 20, 23, 26, is a county of Arkansas.
My 9, 4, 34, 17, is another county of Arkansas.
My 13, 18, 35, 5, 32, is a county of Kentucky.
My 17, 5, 19, 28, 14, 25, is a county of Tennessee
My 3, 6, 12, 31, is a county of Mississippi.
My whole is an old saying.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four letters will compose a word—
A lady's name you oft have heard;
And if you will transpose the same
You'll make another lady's name.
And if you will again transpose,
'Twill give a name—'twas borne by those
Who followed General Washington
Through winter's cold, and summer's sun.

Omit the *third*, and then the rest
Will name the time which we like best;
It is the time of year I mean
When woods are gay, and fields are green.
Omit the *third*—transpose the *three*,
And then quite quickly you will see,
A common article of food,
In lands beyond the ocean's flood.
Omit the *last*, then backwards read—
You'll see what in the hour of need,
Did save from harm a godly youth,
Who lived in goodness and in truth.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first's a troublesome animal you'll find;
My whole does my first and second combined;
In many places my third does abound;
In America only, my whole is found.

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is a useful organ,
'Tis found on man and beast;
My *second's* very often worn
At a banquet or a feast.

Men and women wear my *whole*,
As an ornament of dress;
Its name you've heard, now what it is,
You easily can guess.

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

ANAGRAMS ON COMMON NOUNS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Ram's Nag.	O, strip this man.
Tall nags	Shame souls.
Slim work.	Son, spilt me.
A true sign.	Fools' shines.
Bad stars.	Tied on a line.
A gum rent.	Ship on my rat.

Brookaville, Ky. SANTA ANNA.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of land containing 11½ acres; the first acre whereof is worth $40, and each successive acre is worth $1.00 less than the preceding. What is the worth of the whole? D. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What profession do all the men prefer? Ans.—Husband-ry.

☞ Why is an ungentlemanly person like a poor article of every day food? Ans.—Because he's ill-bred.

☞ When is a new top like the letter G? Ans.—When it makes a lad glad.

☞ If father was to be late for dinner what part of the mouth would he be? Ans.—Pa-late, (palate)

☞ Why would we infer the letter H to be no friend to a certain city? Ans.—Because it would make Paris a Parish. C. H

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Rousseau, the renowned philosopher and writer. BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Major General Joseph Warren. CHARADE—Bayonet. OMISSIO—Pear. (Ear—par—par—pea—Reap.) PROBLEM—29 yards, 1 foot, and 8 inches.

☞ Do you want to know if a foreigner can pronounce English? Give him the following two lines to read and see what he makes of them:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.
O'er life's dark lough my way I will pursue."